

HOLLIS, NEW HAMPSHIRE
SEVENTY YEARS AGO

• HENRY GILMAN LITTLE •



Hollis, Seventy Years Ago

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

—BY—

HENRY GILMAN LITTLE

—O—

GRINNELL, IOWA
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BY HENRY G. LITTLE

Dedicated to the Memory of

My Mother

P R E F A C E .

This little book is a reprint of a series of letters published during the years 1891 and 1892 in *The Hollis Times*, then edited by Mr. J. C. Hildreth. As the writing of the letters was undertaken at the suggestion of Hollis friends, so the gathering of them into more permanent form is at the instance of various readers whose kindly appreciation of my modest efforts has been most grateful, though it has sometimes seemed to be in excess of their deserts.

Some extracts from a few of the many commendatory letters received have been inserted as an Appendix, to show how deep is the affection of the children of Hollis for the old

home and their interest in the manners and customs of her earlier days, as well as to furnish an explanation for this second appearance of the Letters before the public.

One shadow falls upon the final pages in the sorrowful tidings, which reach me while they are in press, of the death of my old and valued friend, Luther Prescott Hubbard, of Greenwich, Conn. But for his warm and persistent encouragement, this book would not have been. May it help to preserve the memory of his true and worthy life.

HENRY GILMAN LITTLE.

GRINNELL, IOWA, October, 1894.

CONTENTS.

I.	PAGE.
The Hollis Meeting-house. Pastor; Choir; Tithing-men. Sabbath Customs.....	11
II.	
Deacons; Physicians; The Lawyer. Stores and "Taverns." Mechanics; Farmers.....	21
III.	
New Hampshire Crops. A Hollis Home.....	27
IV.	
Beaver Brook School District. One of the Teachers.....	38
V.	
Hollis Holidays	45

	PAGE
VI.	
Hollis Morals	53
VII.	
Some of the Homes near the Center.....	61
VIII.	
The Hubbard Family.....	68
IX.	
The Tenney Home and Family.....	75
X.	
Families in the South part of Town. The Worcesters.....	88
XI.	
Families in various parts of Town.....	98
XII.	
The Family of Deacon Daniel Emerson; of Dea- con William Emerson. Hannah French. Bringing the Newspapers. Dancing Schools in Hollis	110

CONTENTS.

ix

PAGE

XIII.

The Eastman, Farley, Hardy, and other Families... 121

XIV.

Stephen Farley and Family..... 132

XV.

Beaver Brook School District again..... 137

XVI.

Families in the North-West School District..... 145

XVII.

The Patch Corner District. Families in various
parts of Town..... 153

XVIII.

The Bradbury Family..... 162

XIX.

The Blood Family 170

XX.

Descendants of Hollis Families in the West..... 175

	PAGE
XXI.	
The Little Family	181
XXII.	
The North-East School District.....	187
XXIII.	
Families North of the Center of Town.....	195
XXIV.	
The Hillsborough County Fair. Anecdote of Rev. Mr. Hill.....	202
XXV.	
Ralph Emerson and his Descendants. Farewell	210
APPENDIX	221
INDEX.....	227

HOLLIS SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

I.

The varied experiences of four score years have not at all dimmed the memory of my childhood's home, and to recall the scenes amid which my early days were passed, and the events which impressed my youthful mind is one of the delights of an old age passed in other and far different surroundings.

As in most New England towns, the meeting-house was the center of our village life. I remember it as a comparatively new building, for it was erected in 1804. Though a plain and unpretending structure, it was perhaps imposing from its very simplicity, and was a source of some pride to the citizens. The barn-like

interior was nearly filled with the old-fashioned high, square pews, but on either side of the center aisle, near the pulpit, extended the long free seats,—that on the east for the old ladies, that on the west for the men, while directly in front of the preacher was the deacons' seat. Galleries occupied three sides of the entire room, with a row of square pews against the wall, which were sold like those below. The singers' seats filled the south side, opposite the pulpit. The remaining seats in the gallery were free, and the men and boys occupying those on the west were separated by the whole width of the building from the women and girls sitting on the east side.

Two flights of steps, some ten in number, led from the floor up to the narrow pulpit on the north side of the room, and there the minister was carefully shut in by solid doors, like a prisoner in the dock.

Everything about the meeting-house was severely plain. I can recall no attempt at ornament unless it be the mysterious painting upon the ceiling in the northwest corner. I never understood the design, but one of the worthy

sons of Hollis, Ralph A. Tenney, Esq., of Chicago, thus refers to it in an address made a few years ago: "Every Sabbath day, hot or cold, wet or dry, found us in the old square pews, with our best bibs and tuckers on, straightening out our faces for a good plump one-hour-and-a-half sermon, not one idea, word or syllable of which could we understand. To vary the monotony, we children would occasionally let our eyes wander up to the northwest corner of the ceiling of the church, where had been painted a very black thunder-cloud, the fumes of which we imagined we could smell. This painting was intended to represent the wrath of God on the unrepentant sinner's head. That was *all the fun* we had, but at that we did not dare to smile for fear of the tithing-man with his long pole."

At the time I refer to, the Rev. Eli Smith was pastor of the church. He was a fearless, energetic and able man, and a good, successful minister of the Gospel. During his long pastorate of thirty-seven years he received more than four hundred members into the church. He was a Calvinist of the extreme type, and

preached the stern doctrines of that school with unflinching faithfulness. He taught us to believe in a personal devil, a frightful monster to our childish imaginations, going about as a roaring lion seeking to devour our quaking souls; and in the terrors of a veritable hell, with its eternal punishment for all the wicked. But he did not forget to set before us also the glories of the Heavenly Land prepared for the righteous, and the blessed truth of a crucified Redeemer.

There was a large choir of good singers, led by Alpheus Eastman, a noted singer and teacher for many years of the village singing school.

Aunt Hannah Worcester was the chief soprano, but there was at the time a large amount of musical talent in the town upon which to draw for the service of song. Among the singers there were Sandersons, Pools, Goulds, Hales, Conants, Emersons, Farleys, Worcesters and Eastmans. There was also Taylor Wright, whom many must yet remember, and a good sprinkling of Hardys and other well-known families.

One notable event connected with the choir,



Eli Smith

I well remember. It was rumored that Aunt Hannah Worcester was soon to be missed from her place in "the seats," that, in fact, she was going to be married. The good lady was a maiden of mature years who had served in the choir for perhaps a quarter of a century. She was one of those cordial, kindly souls, whom everybody loved, and it was felt that, in a sense, she belonged to the town. All insisted that the wedding must take place in the meeting-house. It was so decided. The day came and nearly the whole town was assembled in the church. The bride walked up the aisle leaning upon the arm of her intended husband, Deacon Stephen Thurston, of Bedford, N. H. As they approached the pulpit the choir struck up an anthem, beginning with the words, growing more emphatic with each repetition, "I waited patiently, I waited patiently, I waited patiently for the Lord!" The smile which rippled through the house we boys did not then understand. Its meaning has dawned upon some of us since.

With minister, deacons, and choir, the congregation was not even yet ready for divine

service; there must be also four tithing-men, two above and two below, to keep the boys in order.

Hollis people were a church-going people; they had been trained to it from the earliest settlement of the town. They came from all directions, some in chaises, some in plain wagons, some, in winter, with oxen and sleds, many on foot. They came for two long services; there was a sermon in the morning and another in the afternoon. There were no Sabbath schools then, and only a short intermission at noon. No provision was made for warming the meeting-house, but the fervor of religious devotion defied even the rigor of a New Hampshire winter. It was, however, assisted by the comforting glow of half a hundred tiny foot-stoves, brought by the different families and filled with fresh coals at noon from the hospitable fire-places of the neighboring homes. The meeting-house was provided with neither clock nor bell, but promptly at the moment good Mr. Smith walked up the aisle, his blessed wife, Anna Emerson Smith, at his side. The meeting begins. Before the long prayer a list

of notes is generally read; often there are many of these, some asking prayers for the sick, some giving thanks for recovery from illness, others having reference to various blessings or afflictions. After the birth of every child a note is read from the pulpit, worded after this modest fashion: "A B and wife desire to return thanks to God for recent favors." The large families of those days made such acknowledgments numerous and frequent. It was customary for the congregation to rise and stand during prayer, and, to furnish more room in the pews for this exercise, the seats were provided with hinges, by means of which they were turned up against the back. The turning down of the seats at the close of the prayer was like the clatter of small artillery. The congregation now put up the leaning boards—narrow shelves extending around the pews in front of the worshippers, upon which they might rest their books or their elbows—and adjust themselves • to give careful attention to the sermon. No one moves from his seat, save the watchful tithing-men, who sometimes walk softly about the aisles to quiet the wriggling or whispering

boys who threaten to disturb the attention of their elders. We boys looked with dread upon these mighty officers, and turned pale as they approached. Since they so promptly checked a gentle whisper or harmless giggle from one of ourselves, we ventured timidly to wonder why they seemed to take no notice of that man in the gallery (said by the neighbors to be a "little off" in his mind), when he called out right in sacred sermon time, "Be still a whispering, 'Feus Eastman!" or why they did not rebuke a certain prominent and wealthy citizen of the town for what looked to our astonished eyes an offence even more heinous than outright laughter in meeting.

I think I must tell that story of peppery Mr. Daniel Merrill, for it made a great impression on my boyish mind.

It seems that during the war of 1812, in Hollis as elsewhere, the people were deeply stirred in respect to the questions involved and the policy of our government, and took there, as elsewhere, diverse views, according to individual temperaments, associations and habits of thought; still, they were, in the main, united

in a determined hostility toward England and a vigorous support of the war. In one of Rev. Eli Smith's pulpit discourses mention was made of a party growing up in the nation which demanded peace on easy terms (to England), or peace at any price. To the warm patriotism and warlike temper of worthy Mr. Merrill the reverend gentleman (although well known far and near as an earnest supporter of the war) seemed to allude to these luke-warm, weak-kneed Americans in a tone savoring too much of sympathy or too little of that stern denunciation which he deemed fit. At any rate his hot blood took fire, and he vowed in vigorous terms that from that day forth never should any coin of his go to swell the weekly collection in that church. Perhaps, in the lapse of time, the regular and persistent passing of the deacon's hat before his face had roused in his heart a growing irritation, till at last the inner turmoil must perforce have vent. I remember well the horror with which I saw the blow he struck at Deacon Burge's bell-crowned hat—years after the war had closed—a blow which made the pennies, fourpences,

ha'pennies, ninepences and pistareens ring, while he exclaimed loudly, "Keep that hat out of my pew!"

At the close of the afternoon service all hasten home to partake of a plentiful dinner of baked beans and brown bread, delicious with the sweet, mellow flavor, imparted only by the long, slow baking of twenty-four hours in the great brick oven.

Dinner over, the children are gathered to recite the Assembly catechism, and no one is excused from this exercise; even the little one just beginning to talk must repeat the ponderous words of theological wisdom after the parent. Our Sabbath did not, as in some portions of New England, begin and end with the going down of the sun, making Saturday evening sacred time, while the Sunday twilight was free to sport and neighborly gossip. In the evening of our Sabbath all who do not live at too great a distance, repair to the Center school-house for the meeting of prayer and conference. This ends the exercises of a Sabbath of long ago.

II.

Our Hollis church had five excellent Deacons. Usually it was either Deacon Burge or Deacon Jewett who led the conference meeting, in the absence of the pastor. Deacon Burge was one of the every-day Christians, a man in whom every one had confidence, and being of a gentle, quiet, placid disposition, I have heard it said that he was not much disturbed when a wayfaring man whom he had arrested for traveling on the Sabbath, and lodged in his own house, was found, when Monday morning dawned, to have escaped through his chamber window in the night, taking his bedclothes with him. Deacon Jewett was of a more nervous and ardent temperament, equally earnest in his Christian character, but less patient and calm than Deacon Burge. Of the five I knew Deacon Hardy best. I often watched the flying sparks from his blacksmith's forge or the busy blows from his strong arm. He had always a kind word for the boys. He was

an earnest, solemn man, as deacons were expected to be in those days, but we did not fear and shun him. As several of us little fellows were walking to conference meeting one bright Sabbath evening, we fell in with Deacon Hardy on his way thither also. Some one remarked upon the beauty of the night, and how well I remember his solemn answer: "Yes, it is a beautiful night, indeed, but there is a great storm of wrath gathering, which will fall upon the heads of all the impenitent!" Did he think, I wonder, that that short sermon would be fresh in the mind of one of his hearers seventy years after? Of Deacon Farley and Deacon Woods I knew less, as they lived in remote parts of the town.

The ministers, the doctors and the lawyers were the great men of a New England town. Boys of my time were taught to take off their hats and bow respectfully to all men whom they met on the street, while girls dropped their modest courtesies. But for the professional dignitaries our obeisance were most marked and deferential. Our physicians were Noah Hardy, William Hale and Oliver Scrip-

ture, and the first two were natives of Hollis. They all spent their lives in the practice of medicine at fifty cents a visit, if the distance was not above a mile, and all died in Hollis. To the children they were beings of wonderful and mysterious learning and power. When they visited our homes we gathered shyly around watching for chance glimpses into the awful depths of the fascinating saddle-bags. From thence, we knew, came the dreaded tooth-pullers, the lancets, the pill-boxes, and the bottles with mixtures of varying degrees of disagreeableness; Life and Death themselves seemed to be shut up in those marvelous saddle-bags. Dr. Hardy and Dr. Scripture died childless, but Dr. Hale reared a large family.

The one Hollis lawyer the children all feared. We had somehow gotten the notion that "Squire Mark," as he was called, was the man who sent people to jail. But we had no reason to fear Benjamin Mark Farley, Esq. He was a good man, a grand man, a safe, able lawyer, with few equals at the bar. He gave sound counsel, which often kept the Hollis people out of lawsuits.

Perhaps next after the professional men stood the merchants or storekeepers. One of these was Ambrose Gould, who for many years was to be found in the store on the corner, where his sign announced "English and West India Goods" for sale. His goods were all brought from Boston, and generally with ox teams. His sales from the barrel of rum were quite as free and open as those of codfish or sugar. Along with his mercantile duties he united those of postmaster. I recall that he removed after a time to Hardscrabble. Another store or shop was kept in the northeast room of the present parsonage by Mrs. Emerson, widow of Rev. Daniel Emerson. So carefully did the prudent woman manage her small business, that from its profits she was able to bring up her family of four sons and one daughter. Two of the sons were college graduates, and have recently died--Benjamin at Nashua, and Rev. Joseph Emerson at Andover. Mrs. Cutter, wife of Dr. Benoni Cutter, who lived a little south of Mrs. Emerson, was also left a widow with six children, and she also must exercise the closest economy in bringing up her

family. As some of the goods in Mrs. Emerson's store were marked ninepence ($12\frac{1}{2}$ cts.), it was solemnly agreed between the two widows that the half-cent should belong to each regularly in turn. One other store I remember, which was opened by Joseph Patch, two miles north of town.

The principal tavern was kept by Nehemiah Woods, in the house south of the present High School building. Dr. Scripture succeeded him at the same place. Later on, Mr. B. G. Cutter opened a store and tavern in the Price house. Each of them kept an open bar and sold liquors to travelers and townsmen without the slightest detriment to his standing in the community. Tavern signs also hung before the residences of Noah Hardy and William Hale.

Blacksmithing seems to have been an important business in Hollis. I remember several shops. Dea. Enos Hardy carried on one a little north of the village; Charles Eastman, one near Dea. Jewett's, at the Pool Corner; James Parker, one at Patch's Corner. There were also shops at Fog End, and I think at Brimstone.

Mr. Josiah Conant was a cabinet-maker, and Nathan Thayer was the painter. Capt. Page Farley was the only tanner; Isaac Farley and Elias Conant were wheelwrights; Benjamin Messer one of the carpenters; Abijah Gould repaired clocks and watches for the villagers; Samuel Quaid was our harness-maker; Thomas Cummings and Sewell Butterfield were shoemakers.

But by far the larger part of our population was engaged in farming. A great variety of crops was cultivated, each farmer striving to supply the needs of his own family from his own land. The rye and the corn for their bread, and the vegetables for summer and winter, grew upon their own acres, as did the wool and flax for their clothing.

III.

The rugged New Hampshire land, with its thin and stony soil, was never favorable to farming. "What do you raise in this barren country?" exclaimed a visitor. "We raise men," was the prompt reply, which has become historic. Let the annals of the one little country town of Hollis bear witness to its truth. From the poor, little, unproductive farms of that hill country she has sent forth to the world the product of which it stood most in need. She never raised any other crop to boast of, but she may well be proud of her men.

There could not be much wealth in such a village. Judged by standards of to-day, all were poor; but judged by the truest and best standard, I think all were rich, for we were all busy, contented and happy.

Many a Hollis home was more luxurious than mine and many were poorer; yet there were none of the villagers with whom we could not meet upon equal terms, and there were

none who did not seem to feel that the interest of one was the interest of all, and that each had his responsible share in our common village life.

Would that such safe and happy conditions might return to our uneasy land!

Perhaps the home into which I was born was below rather than above the average of Hollis homes in material comforts, still it is a fairly representative one. My father's comfortable frame house of seven rooms stood upon one side of his rough little farm of sixty-two acres, and fronted a quiet lane leading to the main road. Some of the frame dwellings in town were shingled from top to bottom, and so durable were such buildings that I have known in New England those which have stood for a century and a half without reshingling. Our house, however, was not so defended from the weather. The five rooms on the ground floor were made warm with plaster, and all but one had its fire-place; but in the chambers where we children slept there were only the bare rafters above our heads, and sometimes the wild winter winds would drive the snow under the

shingles of the roof to sift down as a downy coverlet upon our beds.

The large kitchen was living and working room for the whole family. The great fireplace with the roomy brick oven occupied nearly one side of the room. It had big, iron fire-dogs and was provided with a crane and numerous pot-hooks, for all the cooking was done before the open fire or in the great oven. Joints of meat were hung by cords before the fire with dripping-pan beneath, while one of the children was charged with the duty of constantly turning the meat with stick or poker, that it might roast evenly. Across the chimney, above the high mantel, hung festoons of dried apples, and thick rings of dried pumpkin hung upon a long pole. A plain chest of drawers stood on one side, and my mother had, besides, one nicely finished bureau, which in after years made the long journey to the west. The old-fashioned dresser with its open shelves occupied a recess in the wall. It held the dishes in daily use, a few wooden trenchers, but more of the pewter plates and dishes, polished and shining as silver, and the necessary crockery,

the big glass salt-cellar always placed in the center of the table, with a little nice cut glass-ware. A china cupboard in the parlor held my mother's choicest pieces of china and glass, too precious for frequent use. The indispensable spinning wheels for flax and wool were also a part of our kitchen furniture. There were a rocking chair or two, a few tables and common chairs with home-made bottoms of flag or rushes or strips of bark, to complete the simple furnishing.

At first, I recollect, we had no clock, but measured the hours by means of my mother's "noon mark" on the kitchen window sill and the ancient sun-dial which stood on one corner of the well curb near the house. Later a tall clock found its way into the kitchen.

Our kitchen floor never had a carpet, but once a week it was freshly covered with clean, shining, white sand from the river bank. Sometimes the sand was spread in graceful waves or curves by the skillful drawing of a broom across it. It was an inviting, cheerful room, that old kitchen. It had the charm which many a stately drawing-room lacks, with all its artistic fur-

niture and costly ornaments—the charm of homely comfort and daily, happy living. It was here that the family life went on. Here our meals were cooked and eaten; our clothing spun from our own wool and flax, and woven and sewed into shape. Here lessons were studied and our few books and the one weekly newspaper were read. Here annually came the village shoemaker, with bench and tools, and spent many a busy day cutting and making up—from leather prepared at the village tannery, or bought in great sheets at one of the larger towns—the various sizes of boots and shoes which the family required. How many useful industries were carried on in that dear old room, and what good times we had there in spite of all the hard work! Never were any bowls of hot bread and milk so delicious as those which, night and morning, satisfied our childish hunger, and we never grumbled that our elders were allowed more varied fare. How attractive was the long dinner table when we rushed in with keen appetites from school or work, and how satisfying was the hearty meal of beef or mutton or pork, with potatoes

and beans or other vegetables, and generous slices of brown bread, and pumpkin or apple pie. How toothsome the relish of apple sauce, rich and spicy, made by the barrel every autumn and set away up stairs to freeze and keep all the year round. How comforting the bright glow of the blazing logs in the great fire-place in the long winter evenings, when the wind howled without and the snow piled in great drifts against door and window. Sometimes we had no other light, for lamps and candles were costly. Our candles were made at home of unsavory tallow by the tedious process of "dipping." Later came lamps in which we burned the smoky whale oil. More agreeable than either were the candles which my mother made by mixing with the tallow the pale green, half-transparent wax of the bayberry, and which gave out a pleasant, spicy odor. When candles were burned the frequent and regular "snuffing" of the same was a necessary attention, and the "snuffers and tray" were as indispensable as candlesticks themselves. I remember that at our school-house conference meetings on Sabbath evenings it was always one

man's special and particular business to snuff the candles.

Out of our kitchen opened the "scullery" and out of that the "buttery." Here were appliances for making the butter and cheese from the milk of our two cows, which my mother sold in the village. On the ground floor were also two bedrooms and a best room or parlor. The last was sacred to "company." It was the only room which boasted a carpet. Here was a fire-place of finer finish than that in the kitchen, with brass andirons and furniture, and brass candlesticks on the shelf. Here was my mother's best bureau, the best table, and what we always called the "best chairs"—only flag-bottomed but better made and finer than the others in the house. I remember that the bed in the spare bed-room had linen sheets and "pillow-biers," home-made, indeed, but choice, smooth and white. The other beds were supplied with cotton sheets for summer and flannel for winter. Our own flocks of geese gave us the filling for our plump feather beds, bolsters and pillows, and of their quills we made our own pens. Every schoolmaster must

of necessity be a good pen-maker, for a part of his daily work was the making of the pens for his pupils, and his "pen-knife" must never be missing.

To rear a family upon a Hollis farm was a work of infinite toil and pains. With all the economy and industry of the time it could hardly be done without some other source of income than the soil. Nearly every farm had its cooper shop. Barrels and kegs were ready cash in Boston; so the long, dark mornings and evenings of the long northern winter found the farmer busy in his shop, working by the light of his blazing shavings. Many a stormy day, when work outside was impossible, was passed there also, and the proceeds of the unremitting labor went for family necessities and comforts; for books and school and college bills, which could not else have been met.

From the earliest settlement of the town there was an enthusiasm for education. It is said that during the first hundred years of its existence, no other town of its size could boast so many college graduates. In all the professions educated Hollis men were to be found

filling high positions with honor. Forty of them entered the most honorable calling of the ministry, during that first hundred years.

How little is known at the present day of such close economy as was the common practice in Hollis in my boyhood! How plain and simple was our life; yet how healthy and happy it was. The one luxury which Hollis parents craved was education for their children. For that they toiled and saved with heroic self-denial. Often the work and study of a whole evening went on by the light of pine knots, blazing in the great kitchen fire-place, thus saving the cost of even a poor tallow candle.

Many sorts of work were then done at home which have since been given over to the shop and the factory. There was plenty of occupation even for the smaller children, and the great variety of labor kept us always interested and content. Besides the regular work upon the farm there were many things for us boys to do. The providing of fuel for the long winters took many busy days. We made our own brooms, but there was no broom-corn; the coarser brooms were of the tough twigs of the hem-

lock, and the finer of the stripped up fibers of smooth birch wood. There were the sheep to wash and to shear, the grain to thrash and carry to mill. We all worked, but for the house-mother there seemed to be never any rest. As I look back it is astonishing to me to recall how much the good mothers of that time were able to accomplish for their large families. There was not a cooking stove in town. All the cooking was done over the open fire or in the great brick oven; but what wonderfully good cooking it was! Our clothing grew in our little flax field and upon the backs of the sheep which picked their scanty living among the rocks of the upland pastures. The wool was clipped and picked and oiled at home. It was then sent to the carding machine, but the soft, white rolls were brought back to be spun by the mother and girls upon the buzzing wheel. Then it was woven in the great looms found in almost every home. For the dyeing and dressing and pressing the cloth went to the mill, but came back once more to the home to be made into garments large and small for the boys and girls. I can never forget those hard,

busy days for my mother. There were eleven of us children. I remember how the tailoress would come and cut such piles and piles of garments, and then mother would sew and sew, day after day, and at night long after the children were asleep. She gave her life for us. I did not understand it then as I do now. She had early taken to herself the Abrahamic covenant, and her faith never failed. Sometimes when very weary with her labors, and while the shining needle flew swiftly, I would hear her sing softly to herself, "My soul, be on thy guard." My mother's life and history were those of many of the good mothers of Hollis. What the wise man said long ago of the virtuous woman, might have been truly said of any one of them, "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

IV.

Those who have for many years wandered from the home of their childhood, will on their return wish to visit first the spot where father and mother lived, next the meeting-house with all its sacred associations, then the school-house with its varied remembrances.

My Hollis home was in Beaver Brook school district. At five years of age I began my education in the modest school building some thirty or forty rods west of the bridge, on a little sandy plain well surrounded by hills and the Ratmatat Mountain.

I remember the house well as I first saw it; the outside was very plain; the entrance door was in the south-west corner, a large fire-place in the north-west corner. There were rows of seats running the length of the south side for the boys, and other seats running the length of the east side for the girls; these seats were graded in height to accommodate children from the little tot to the largest scholar.

Beaver Brook school district then contained about twelve or thirteen families, with scarcely a home destitute of children. People in those days believed in children, and most tables were surrounded by little olive plants.

I have been asked since I became an old man, if I could remember all the families in the district at that time. My answer is, yes, and I can name nearly all the scholars.

At the east end, from the home of Isaac Farley, there were eight scholars—Amos, Sarah, Mary, Alonzo, Adolphus, Henry, and Clarissa Farley, and Mary Ann Brooks.

A little west and up the lane lived Abner B. Little, where were thirteen children. Two died early, while eleven graduated from the school—Mary, Catherine, Elizabeth, William, Caleb, Henry G., Ruth, Laura Ann, Caroline, Augustus and Sarah Francis. Of these eleven, eight are now (1891) living; their united ages amount to six hundred and three years, an average of over seventy-five years.

John Woods, then living with his mother, Mrs. Stevens, came to this school. In the same house were Uriah and Harriet Reed,

children of Uriah Reed, who was drowned in Wright's Pond. Later W. G. Brown came to the school from that home.

At the top of Proctor Hill lived Aaron Proctor with his interesting flock of, I should say, six or seven children. Three were my school-mates, Moses, Aaron, and a sister. This family moved to Ohio in 1821 or '22.

From the home of Captain Thomas Proctor, three—James, Luther, and, I think, a sister, were in school at this time. Thomas, John, Susan and Mary attended later. Mrs. Proctor was a superior woman, beautiful in person and character, and she imparted to her children of her own brightness and native ability.

At Eleazer Pierce's we find two boys, one called "Nat."

At Richard Clough's, Cyrus was the only child.

At Nathaniel Proctor's were Olive, Indiana, Moses, Ira, and Maria.

Nathaniel Pierce lived where Mr. Austin lately resided.

Down the lane north, we find Mr. Benjamin Abbott and his son Abial.

Next was Benjamin Austin. I have heard it said that his children numbered well into the teens. Those attending school were Benjamin, Stephen, Luther, Jefferson, Daniel, Christopher, Page, Noah, Mary, and Sally Rideout.

On the wood road and near Rocky Pond, we find Gaius Wright's home. A son, Gaius, Jr., and a daughter were in school.

At Nathan Colburn's were four scholars—Erie, Lydia, Moses, and Lucinda.—Deacon E. J. was not in trousers yet.

Last, down under the hill, we find Stephen Lund, with children named Rachel, Alice, Sophronia, Irene, Martha, Danforth, and Noah-diah.

A friend now living in Massachusetts reminds me of several more children in our district, making in all seventy or more where there are now but three.

We had eight weeks' school in the winter, taught by the "Master," at twelve dollars per month; and twelve in the summer, taught by the "Schoolma'am," at one dollar and a quarter a week, the teacher always "boarding round."

We had many good teachers who afterwards became prominent men and women. I recall among these Frederick Worcester and an older brother, Caroline Holden, and Sarah Thayer, the latter of whom married the Hon. George S. Boutwell, who was later Governor of Massachusetts, a member of Congress, and Secretary of the Treasury under Grant. As I remember the teachers, all were good with one exception. This was a lady from another town, who was short and not remarkable for beauty. If she had any ability as a teacher, neither parents nor scholars appreciated it; if she accomplished any good, it must have been in the aid she gave in clearing the brush patch near by. We boys seldom failed, forenoon and afternoon, to know just how the brush felt when well applied. On giving out a lesson she used no judgment, and would add, "I will whip you if you don't get it!" We usually got it—the whipping. The general rule that a whipping at school must be followed by a whipping at home, made it pretty hard on some of us. I believe "Chris." Austin and I used to get the most frequent whippings. The brook near the school-house was a con-

stant delight, and we barefoot children took to it as naturally as a duck to water. The edict went forth from this teacher that should any child get his clothes wet while wading in the brook, he should be whipped, notwithstanding the whole summer wearing-gear of a boy was not worth forty cents, and I never could understand what difference it made to her whether our clothes were wet or not. Beautiful pond lilies grew a little north of the bridge, in the meadow now owned by Mrs. John Perkins. One day I worked hard at noon to gather some of these lilies for my mother. My trousers were rolled clear to my body to keep them dry; I had gathered more than forty of the fragrant flowers, and was about to leave, but tempted by one larger than the rest, I waded out just a little further, when suddenly down went one foot into a hole, wetting the whole roll. What could I do? Could I buy her off? I'll try! I carried all the flowers designed for my mother to this woman. She took them, gave them one sniff, saw my wet trousers, and then whipped me until she wakened within me a little demon of whose existence I had before been ignorant.

I realized the injustice then, even as now. When my own little ones have been on my knee and begged for a story, I have told them this one. They have all cried over it, and one of my little grandchildren, Thomas Stoddard Holyoke, pityingly asked, "Is your back well yet, grandpa?"

V.

Earnest and industrious as was our life, it was not without its sports and pleasures. Each circling year brought its holidays. Our Independence Day lacked, no doubt, the ceaseless pop of the fire-cracker and the hiss of the rocket, but the effervescence of patriotism was no less genuine than now, and possibly children had then a clearer understanding of the meaning of the day, being nearer to the original "Fourth of July." I wonder how many besides myself remember a certain Fourth when we had a variation from the usual program in a representation of Indian life. Some forty of the best young men furnished the entertainment. Very early in the morning, the Indian war-hoop was heard in the streets, and down through the midst of the town streamed a wild and savage procession of red men in war paint and feathers and such other aboriginal garments as sufficed to make the staid citizens

wonder whether a remnant of the extinct Pequots had not returned from their happy hunting-grounds to avenge their wrongs upon these descendants of the Puritans. Until noon, the well-simulated savages ranged through the village, over the hills and through the woods. There seemed to be a thousand of them. Their wild cries startled you from every side. Turn where you would, their tomahawks flashed before you. But by twelve o'clock they all were willing to suspend the sport for an hour, and they gathered for dinner in my father's barn, where a whole lamb had been roasted for them. Dinner over, the Indian Chief,—who was the late Hon. John N. Worcester, and well he acted his part—called the roll of his warriors, giving to each his Indian name, some of which are in my memory yet. I can hear him rattle them glibly off—"Eane, Teane, Lathery, Tothery, Feathery, Dick, Eanedick, Teandick," etc., etc. Again the tribe descended upon the village and wood. They must have run forty miles that day, for the fun lasted till night. I have seen the Sioux and many other Indian tribes in the West, and I am prepared to say that those

Hollis boys gave us a very fair presentation of Indian character and manners.

Election day, I remember mainly for that glazed election cake, tempting and toothsome, which we got on no other day, and of which we never got enough.

Thanksgiving day marked the beginning of the long winter, when the keen zest for winter sports was fresh upon us, and when cellar and store-room were filled with the fruits of our summer toil. All the riches of this fertile west could hardly spread a more bounteous or more delicious Thanksgiving dinner than those which we enjoyed. Neither turkey nor pudding nor mince pie was wanting, and there was no lack of apples and nuts and cider for the evening. In the evening, too, there was always a merry party at our own house or elsewhere; sometimes a romping company of children made the house ring with the noise of their games and laughter; sometimes the fun was shared by the older members of the families represented.

But the greatest days of the year, eagerly anticipated by all the boys—and I am inclined

to think by the men, too, for they were all on hand—were Training days.

I never knew much of the military laws of New Hampshire, but in my childhood they certainly required all able-bodied men between, perhaps, the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, to go through certain military exercises every fall and spring. This was called training, and the two annual training days were times of absorbing interest. Each soldier must be equipped with gun, cartridge box, knapsack and canteen. The companies elected their own officers, and R. E. Tenney, Jeremiah Dow and William Emerson were among the captains whom I remember. With what stern and soldier-like precision did the officers put their men through the prescribed evolutions. How they emulated the glory of the King of France, who, "with twenty thousand men marched up the hill," and then, "with twenty thousand men marched down the hill, and ne'er went up again." What daring charges one company made upon another in those magnificent mock battles! How war-like, how valorous we boys felt as we looked on! There was one indepen-

dent military company, finely uniformed and officered, in which Hollis people took especial pride. I remember just how the large letters, "H. S. G.", looked on their knapsacks. They were the "Hollis Stark Grenadiers," named in honor of glorious General Stark of revolutionary fame, a son of New Hampshire of whom she has not yet ceased to be proud.

One small artillery company of boys about twelve years old, was organized, in which I had the honor to be a private; Ed. Messer was our captain. We had a good brass cannon and were fairly well uniformed. We drilled with the others, and the three or four companies covered the common and stretched well up on High Street besides.

The regular companies had their own halls well supplied with liquors, to which their members repaired several times a day to quench their thirst. Our little artillery company had made no such provision. But I recall one occasion when we had attracted some notice for our drill, and had received a good deal of praise, whether deserved or not. When the other companies adjourned for drink, we were

invited to a chamber at Mr. Gould's, well-furnished with liquors by some of the best men in the town. Among them were "Squire" Pool, R. E. Tenney and Col. William Emerson.

One of our military companies was known as the "Old String Bean Company," named, probably, from the grotesque fashion in which the members arrayed themselves on training days. Col. Wm. Emerson was a member of this company, and from its ranks, he had risen by steady promotion for superior merit, until he had reached that pinnacle of glory and honor, the post of Colonel in the State Militia, and had become the great military man of Hollis. He was not a man of commanding stature. In fact he was rather short, but you never would have guessed it on training day. What a magnificent figure he made in his fine uniform, his chest well padded, his erect form sitting well upon his spirited steed! He was proud of his position; Hollis people were very proud of him, and Robin, the beautiful sorrel horse he rode, seemed proudest of them all.

Military maneuvers were not the only amusement of training days. There were various

sports participated in by those not in battle array, wrestling being, perhaps, the principal one. There were peddlers of various enticing wares, auctioning off their goods, and there was always the baker's cart dispensing delicious squares of golden-brown gingerbread.

Besides the local, village gatherings for military drill, there were larger assemblies of the militia, where the various companies from the whole county came together and vied with each other in perfection of equipment and precision of movement. These occasions were called Muster days, and for our county the mustering took place in Nashua or some other large town.

The apple parings and the corn-huskings which every autumn gave opportunity for combining work and play in merry and industrious fashion, were events to be remembered. I recall nothing among all the quaint and curious customs of those days more picturesque than the husking-bees in the big barns, where lively groups of men and maidens gathered on dark November evenings by the light of many glimmering lanterns, and made jolly fun of the task of stripping the wrappings of dusky gold from

the harvested maize. When the work was done and the glowing heaps of amber and crimson ears gave evidence that sport had not outvied labor, there was always the hearty late supper in the kitchen before the huskers scattered to their homes.

It would be a grim sort of humor which should count the New England Fast Day among holidays and amusements; but I mention it here as one of the anniversaries which in its regular recurrence helped in its characteristic way to vary the simple round of our quiet lives. It came in the spring—always in April, I believe—and all citizens were expected to mortify the flesh by strict abstinence, and to assemble in the meeting-house, that they might humble themselves before Almighty God and seek by sincere penitence and true heartiness of worship to appease or forestall His just and righteous wrath. To my childish recollection fast days were days of hungry weariness and gloom.

VI.

I have known much of life in many towns in different states, and I can say, upon the whole, that in none have I ever known more morality, good order, and genuine Christian uprightness, than were to be found in the Hollis of seventy years ago. This high tone in the community I believe to have been due mainly to the noble influence of good Pastor Emerson and his successor, Mr. Smith, seconded as they were in all their efforts by the multitude of worthy citizens who loyally stood by them, always for the right. And yet there were, even in Hollis, men, women and children upon whom angels' wings had not begun to sprout. There were those who habitually broke nearly all the commands written by God's own finger upon the tables of stone; those who gave loose rein to that little unruly member which is set on fire of hell, and too often stirred up enmity and strife; and a few only in whom floods of "fire-water" had almost quenched the human, and

transformed them into devils. There was even now and then one of honorable position and respectable calling who dishonored both, and brought reproach upon himself, his church, and his town. If there is a dark side to my memories of early life, as a faithful chronicler, I should not leave it wholly out.

For an incident in illustration, I will tell a story of a certain man of the town who had been appointed to the responsible post of tithing-man and who sometimes made shoes. As a parish officer his duties required him to preserve order during divine service and to enforce the proper observance of the Sabbath in accordance with the laws of the state. Traveling on Sunday was forbidden by law, and tithing-men were required to arrest any person found violating that law. Now our shoemaker, while bound by his official character to see to it that others observed the holy day, seemed to regard himself as exempt from the requirements of God's fourth and longest commandment. At all events, he was accustomed to spend what spare time remained on Sunday after the performance of his religious duties,

in working at his bench in the shoe shop. Chancing to glance from his window while thus employed one sacred Sabbath afternoon, his eye fell upon a wicked sinner breaking the holy law of God and man by Sunday travelling. A holy horror stirred within him; his lap-stone fell to the floor and forth he rushed, in shirt-sleeves and leather apron, to seize the offender. But finding the man to be a vender of lasts, the business spirit returned so powerfully upon him that he speedily struck a bargain for a quantity of the wares and bade the Sabbath-breaker pass on.

In the days of which I write, there were few who questioned the propriety of a moderate use of intoxicating drinks. By most people they were regarded as a necessity, and only excessive indulgence was condemned. Liquors invariably appeared on all special occasions of a social nature or of unusual effort. What New Hampshire boy can ever forget the terrible snow-storms which in places filled the roads full to the top of the fences, and, but for the hills and forests to break the force of the wind, would have equalled a prairie blizzard. When

the storm ceased there was the task of "breaking out" the roads, for there was no getting to town till that was done. All the men and boys turned out with oxen, and steers and sleds. The men shoveled, and the animals ploughed through the many drifts, dragging the sleds loaded with boys. It was hard work, but when town was reached, the toilers were comforted by the generous glasses of free rum and big plates of crackers which the store-keepers passed out. When the road-breakers reached the home of 'Squire Farley, senior, he was wont to furnish "toddy" for the crowd, thus making good his part in the work he was too old to share.

An old gentleman who is my neighbor now, tells me that his pastor in his New Hampshire home, at Winchester, used to go directly from his pulpit to the tavern for the refreshment of his glass of toddy, and took no shame to himself therefor.

The older people in Hollis will remember the Reverend John Todd, who preached in Groton, in 1826 and 1827. He says in his autobiography that he has seen liquors mixed at

funerals on the coffin itself. Liquors were used at funerals in Hollis, to some extent at least. On the death of a little child in a leading family of the town, I was one of the four boys, about ten years old, who acted as bearers. We went early as we had been told to do, and were taken to a chamber where several kinds of liquors were provided for us. We all drank, but Edmund Messer said, "Drink light, boys, for you know we are to be bearers." In another room were various drinks for the mourners.

I listened on one training day to Coolidge Wheat and other musicians while they discussed, as they drank, the question as to what kind of liquor was best to blow their wind instruments on. One could blow best on West India rum; another on brandy; and still another, who was already pretty "full," could blow best on gin. I gave careful heed to their experience, for, I thought, I may possibly be one of this brass band yet. The man who placed his dependence on gin seemed to me almost as mighty a blower as a certain Dutchman I have heard of out west, who was asked if he could

blow the great brass horn of many twists and curves. "Ah!" he said, swelling with pride, "If you gifs me plenty viskey, and I gets all my vint apout me, I blow dat horn right oot straight de fust time I try."

It was not uncommon on training days and other public occasions, to see even some of our good men "a little balmy," rather "groggy," "over the bay," or "three sheets to the wind," as the common phrases were. I went one afternoon with my father to the house of one of our best townsmen and church members. I was accustomed to hear the good man give wise and pious talks in prayer-meetings, but now he appeared very strange, his tongue was thick, his talk was foolish. He wanted to bet that he could lift a cask of lime that weighed three or four hundred pounds. The more he was urged not to try it, the more he insisted that he would bet he could lift the cask. I did not think of its being possible for so good a man to be tipsy; it was all a mystery to me. But when I went home and told my mother about it, I saw my father smile, and mother said, "He has been drinking some of that awful stuff."

The temperance reformation which rolled over the land a few years later, reached Hollis, and this same good man was brought before the church for drinking to excess. He met the charge like a man and a Christian. "Brethren," he said, "why do you bring this charge against me now? I drink no more now than for thirty years past, and you have never complained before." But with the rising tide of temperance principle, and the spreading light of the new dawn which had risen on the world, the good brother came to see that his drinking was an offense and a stumbling-block. He would not stand in the way of others, and in the spirit of Paul, he said, "If rum maketh my brother to offend, I will drink no more while the world stands." He lived for twenty years or more after that, and I never knew of his drinking again, but for months I remember that he looked very white when he came to church, and I doubt not it was a hard battle with the evil habit.

Hollis became comparatively a temperance town, but there were a few, as in all places, who would drink and did drink, though it rob-

bed wife and children of food and clothing. Some good citizens refused to sign the temperance pledge. They "would not sign away their liberty." "They could drink or let it alone." Some of these lived to see that they had made a mistake, for in more than one case the parent's course told disastrously upon his children.

VII.

Guided by memory, faithful friend, it delights me still to take, in fancy, long strolls about the Hollis streets and lanes, listening to what she has to tell of the days long past, and adding to her garrulous tales of persons and families who made the village life of three-fourths of a century ago, such bits of information as have come to me in later years concerning their after achievements and experiences, and rejoicing in the honors and distinctions which have come to the children of my beloved native town and their descendants. Will you come with me for such a walk?

A little south of the parsonage, in a pleasant cottage surrounded by neatly kept grounds, lived Nathan Thayer with his interesting family, consisting of a wife, five daughters and a son. His occupation, as I have already said, was that of a painter, but he was also a successful teacher. He was a prominent citizen, an industrious and worthy man, following his busi-

ness faithfully until a short time before his death. Thirty winters, his grand-daughter tells us, were passed in the schoolroom. I remember visiting his schools at several different times. They were not remarkable for the good order kept. He seemed to pay little attention to that; but, what was of more importance, he was able to create an enthusiasm for learning which I have never seen equalled. There was a charm about his teaching that made even a dry problem in mathematics attractive. He demonstrated, as many another good teacher has done, that a keen thirst for knowledge is a very good substitute for hard and fast rules of order. Mr. Thayer represented Hollis in the New Hampshire legislature, and was for many years on the Examining Board as one of the school committee. He died at the age of 49 years, and it was marvelous to learn that he had from his daily labors accumulated a fortune of \$18,000, besides providing for his large family. His wife died soon after himself, and his children left Hollis; the house was burned a few years later, and nothing now remains of the pleasant home of Nathan Thayer.

On the opposite side of the street lived Josiah Conant, a cabinet-maker, who confined himself closely to his shop during his life. Here, too, was a family of six or seven children. Sarah, who was among the youngest, has died within the past year. Mrs. Conant was one of the good Hollis mothers of whom I have spoken. The parents had much reason for happiness in the estimable family which grew up around them. Both were gathered home long ago. Mr. Conant's business brought him into close relations with the joys and sorrows of the village. Happy young couples, planning for their new house-keeping, called upon him for their tables and chairs and other home comforts; and he furnished, also, the coffins in which the still forms of loved ones were laid away for the last sleep.

Mrs. Smith, whose home was a little farther north, was a widow when I first knew her. She had several daughters and only one son, Christopher, who was near my own age, and who has always remained in Hollis.

Not far to the south was the Cutter home. Deacon Dr. Benoni Cutter died before my re-

membrance, leaving a wife, five sons and a daughter. A devotedly pious woman and a faithful mother, Mrs. Cutter raised her family to honorable manhood and womanhood. She gave them all a good common-school education, and the boys became energetic and enterprising men, engaging early in business for themselves. The daughter, when she married, went to a distant home. Mrs. Cutter died in 1833, after having suffered long and sorely from nervous prostration. A few years later, her son, John H. Cutter, returned to the old homestead. He greatly enlarged and beautified the house and added new buildings, bringing the old place to such a pitch of magnificence as to astonish the staid old residents. Others caught his spirit and emulated his enterprising example, which proved a great advantage to Hollis. He was an ambitious man with some political aspirations, and was honored with a seat in the Legislature. Dr. Day once said to me, "If John H. Cutter had not failed in health he would, probably, have been governor of New Hampshire." His handsome residence has made me many times a pleasant home dur-

ing my visits to my native town. He died in middle life, his wife following him many years later. Two of his children remain in Hollis, but the old home has passed out of the family.

Just across the road, at the home of Mr. Paull, has just passed away one who was, probably, "in her teens" seventy years ago—the aged and highly esteemed Mrs. Clarissa Farley Eaton, the last representative, I think, of the large and strong family of "Squire" Farley, senior.

Should I call at the next house and describe the home as it used to be, I should tell of finding Captain Page Farley, with his honored mother at the head of the household. The wife had passed away from her husband's side before my remembrance. I should speak of the little daughter a few years old, so frail and delicate that the wise mothers of the neighborhood were wont to shake their heads and whisper that the dear child would never live to grow up. But she did live to a ripe age. When she was ten years old she had a merry Thanksgiving party, and I had the happiness of being one of her guests. Her father's ten-

der affection for the fragile child was manifested in his great care for her, and in providing everything that love could suggest for her advantage. The Captain, as I have said, was a tanner by trade. He prospered by close attention to business, and a faithful exemplification of the principle that "honesty is the best policy." His strict justice was so well known that it was often said, when he tanned sheep-skins "at halves," that the smallest child might be sent to receive the owner's share. I remember that the first cooking-stove was introduced into Hollis by him. He died in middle life, but his feeble daughter was near seventy years of age before she followed him. She made wise disposition of the property left her by her father and its accumulations. All who look upon the fine high school building are reminded of the benevolence and public spirit of Miss Mary Sherwin Farley.

A few steps further southward will bring us to the home of Dr. William Hale. His was an energetic, busy life, driving day after day over the rough roads about Hollis and off to Brookline, on his missions of mercy. His gentle,

winning ways endeared him to the families which he served, and mothers willingly entrusted their tender little ones to his hands. To feed and clothe his large family from the small fees collected by country physicians at that time, required the faithful and heroic efforts of the brave man he was. He lived to a great age—I think over ninety years. None of his children remain in Hollis. One grandson, William E. Hale, resides in Oakland, California. He is a successful and popular business man, and at present (1891), sheriff of the county.

I come next to the dwelling of Mr. Sewall Butterfield. He, too, had many children to provide for from his daily earnings. So he sewed and hammered away at his shoe-bench, day after day and year after year, always keeping up good courage. If I remember rightly, his boys began early to help bear the family burdens, or at least to strike out for themselves, and as the years went by they all sought homes elsewhere. The parents long ago passed over the river, and the little home went into other hands.

VIII.

Seventy years ago Major Luther Hubbard occupied and owned a cottage a little to the south of Butterfield hill. A worthy and industrious man, he followed through life the trade of stone cutting. Wherever there was stone work to be done, there was he with hammer and chisel. He is associated in my memory with those dark and dismal abodes of the dead which we called "The Tombs," for I remember his building them, not far south of his own house. It was a melancholy row of stone vaults, full of terror and mystery to my boyish mind. I used to hear them sing in church and conference meetings, in dreary, wailing minor tones,

"Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound,

Mine ears attend the cry;

Ye living men, come view the ground,

Where you must shortly lie."

It was all "Greek" to me, except that some very dreadful associations clung around those gloomy "tombs" which made me skim by them on flying feet, if ever I had to pass them in the

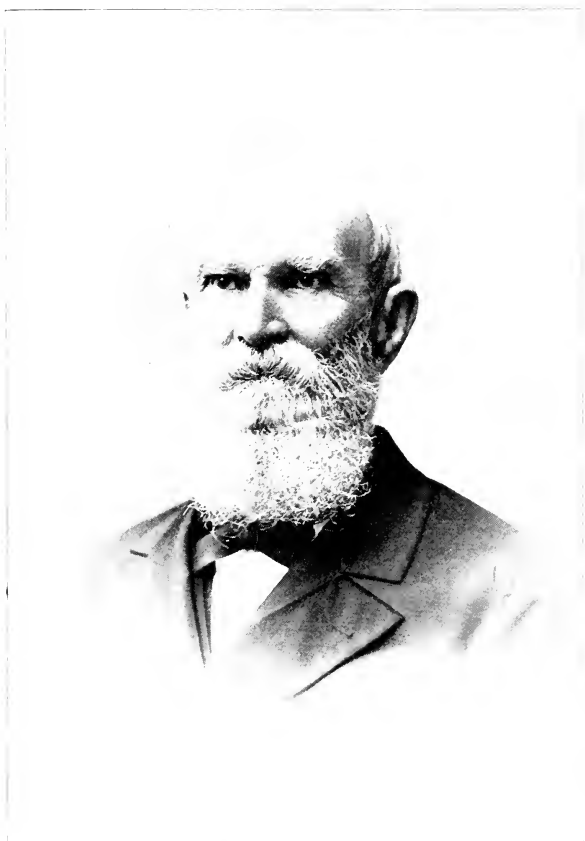
dusk, trying hard to close my ears against the "doleful sound" which I expected to hear, and taking very great care not to "view the ground" any more than was necessary, as I sped away. But good Mr. Hubbard was not to blame for my childish terrors. There was nothing doleful about him, and I have very pleasant recollections of his family. There were four or five children, all older than myself. Luther Prescott Hubbard is the one I knew best. At the time I speak of, he was a lad of thirteen years, and the fire that had been burning in Hollis for seventy-five years had already begun to warm his youthful mind, and kindle aspirations for an education. He made the most of the opportunities within his reach, studying hard at home and at Pinkerton academy. In 1824, we find him at Nashua, hammer in hand, helping to erect the first cotton factory in that town. Studies in architecture were pursued in Boston, and there the young man superintended the fitting of the granite for the Tremont House. His skilled hand and trained eye also contributed to the building of Bunker Hill monument, and he is pleased to remember that while at

work in Quincy he saw President John Adams at his ancestral home.

The great metropolis has always drawn its best life and talent from the country, and in 1827 young Hubbard realized a long-cherished desire to make his home in New York. The work of his hand may yet be seen in that city upon some of the buildings in Wall, Pearl and adjacent streets. But he was not to give his life to building. Sixty-one years ago, by the advice of his wise pastor, the Rev. Samuel H. Cox, D. D., he laid aside architecture to engage in works of active benevolence. During more than thirty years of missionary labor, he distributed above a hundred thousand copies of the Scriptures, and, whenever possible, a kind and helpful word accompanied each volume. As an officer of the American Seaman's Friend Society, he has labored continuously for nearly sixty years, and is now financial agent of the society. He has also been for forty years the highly honored secretary of the New England Society of New York, whose annual banquets are famous for the brilliant and witty oratory which graces them, for their after-dinner speak-



Henry Little



Luther Prescott Hubbard

ers are always selected from the most gifted and illustrious men of the time. At these anniversaries Mr. Hubbard's tall and stately figure is always a noticeable feature, all the more so since he has taken on the snowy locks of the octogenarian. It was at one of the banquets of the New England Society that a humorous speaker brought out a burst of applause by claiming that they had among them a veritable relic of Puritanic times, for he was certain that their venerable secretary came over in the Mayflower. Mr. Hubbard is an interesting writer, a leaflet which he wrote many years ago upon the use of tobacco being especially valuable. It is entitled "How a Smoker got a Home," and has been widely circulated. It is safe to say that it has had millions of readers. Translated into Spanish, it has been extensively read in Mexico. Call upon Mr. Hubbard now, at Greenwich, Conn., and you will find him with his good Hollis wife, Mary Tenney Hubbard, in his beautiful Christian home. Four of their eight children are still living.

Luther Prescott Hubbard, Jr., born in New York City, served for four years in the Federal

army during the Civil War; he was engaged in the first battle of Bull Run and in that of Williamsburg. Though twice hit with ball and shell, he escaped with unimpaired vigor and energy. Coming west a few years after the close of the war "to stay," as he said, he spent some time in business in Grinnell, Iowa, but soon found his way to Minneapolis, Minnesota, where he commenced his business career as a clerk for C. A. Pillsbury & Co., owners of the largest flouring mills in the world. Mr. Hubbard became cashier for their immense business. Whole trains of cars stand delivering wheat at these mills, while other trains are starting for New York, loaded with thousands of barrels of flour from the same establishment. To manage the finances of the large business requires a man of no common business talent, to say nothing of the unimpeachable integrity demanded. Mr. Hubbard has held the place for sixteen years. I do not know what his salary is. He says, "They give me more than I could ask." I have spent a day with him at his pleasant summer home on Lake Minnetonka, and have sat with him at his desk in his office

and seen him sign single drafts for the firm as large as \$25,000. All their drafts are signed by him. A few years ago while Mr. Hubbard was away on a vacation visit to his father, Mr. C. A. Pillsbury, the head of the firm, ventured to send drafts to New York signed by himself. His name was unfamiliar to New York bankers, and he was obliged to telegraph to Mr. Hubbard, at Greenwich, to go into the city and vouch for his millionaire chief.

Frederick Augustus Hubbard had the good fortune to be born at the old Tenney homestead in Hollis. After graduating from the Law School of the University of New York, he spent two years as a student of law in the office of William M. Evarts. He resides in Greenwich, Conn., and is a member of the bar both in New York and Connecticut.

The only daughter, Mary Tenney Hubbard, was also ushered into the world at the old home in Hollis. After having been graduated at Vassar College she returned to her home, and is now the only child remaining with her parents.

William Norris Hubbard, of the Williams

College class of 1883, after thorough professional studies, established himself in New York City as a physician. In addition to his medical practice he is one of the lecturers of the New York Polyclinic.

Two sons, John Theodore, and Benjamin Farley Hubbard, were both called to the higher service in the freshness of young manhood. John died at twenty-four, in Minneapolis, soon after entering upon a promising business career; Benjamin died at twenty-one, while looking forward to a life of usefulness as a minister of the gospel.

IX.

Not far beyond Major Hubbard's is the house which is now the home of R.E. Tenney, second, son of Wm. N. Tenney, and his excellent wife, Sally Cutter Tenney, where I have been so hospitably entertained during several of my later visits to Hollis. It was my mother's ancestral home. The first of the Tenneys in America came from Rowley, England, in 1639, and settled in Rowley, Mass. The Puritan piety and devotion which led him to forsake home, and friends and comfort, and brave the perils of the wilderness, for the principle of religious freedom, long survived in his descendants. It is recorded that in the town of Bradford, Mass. there was a succession of deacons in the Tenney family a hundred years long, while at least twenty of the name became ministers of the gospel. The same religious fervor characterized the family when it was transplanted to Hollis in 1737. In that year William Tenney established a home upon the spot where the

Tenney homestead stands to-day, and from that day to this the farm has remained in the possession of his direct male descendants. In illustration of the earnest piety which was characteristic of his family, the following incident is on record. Pastor Emerson called to console the widow after William Tenney's death. As he spoke of the virtues of the good man gone to his reward, she exclaimed with emphasis, "Do talk to me of my ascended Lord, and not respecting my dead husband!" The second of the name in Hollis was Captain William Tenney, who served at Lexington and Cambridge, and in other engagements of the Revolutionary War. He was a man who gave valuable aid in laying the foundations of society. His wife was Phœbe Jewett, and of their ten children seven lived to maturity. Mrs. Tenney was a very delicate woman—"a mere bundle of nerves," and in her latter years suffered greatly from nervous imaginations. For years there were frequently times when she felt certain that death was near at hand. Her husband's calm strength, and wise and gentle management always soothed and controlled her excite-

ment, and, it is said, that he failed but once to yield to the wishes of the invalid. That was on a busy afternoon when he was at work in the hay-field south of the house. His wife sent for him in great haste, with the assurance that she was about to die. He heard the message without laying down his pitch-fork, and replied, quietly, "Ask her to please put it off till I get this hay in."

Their eldest son, Rev. Caleb Jewett Tenney, D. D., took first rank and honors at his graduation from Dartmouth College in the class of 1801, of which Daniel Webster was a member. After serving for ten years as pastor of the Congregational Church at Newport, R. I., he removed to Connecticut and was settled over the church in Wethersfield, then the most important in the state. So acceptable were his labors there that, when he lost his voice after twenty years of pastoral work, his church declined to accept his resignation, permitting him for six years to furnish a supply in the hope that his voice would be restored. He is remembered as an able preacher, a model pastor, and as one especially gifted with wisdom and

skill in settling difficulties. A near neighbor of my own, the Rev. Timothy G. Brainerd, an aged minister who once resided in Dr. Tenney's family, has given me an illustration of this last trait. Walking one day with Dr. Tenney, they passed a fine residence and the doctor related an incident which occurred when the occupants were the young parents of one little child. The mother only was a professed Christian, and she wished the child baptized. The father had leanings toward the Baptist faith, and objected. The controversy grew sharp, and a coldness divided the hitherto happy couple. They agreed, however, to submit the question to their pastor, Dr. Tenney. "Ah!" he said, after listening patiently and kindly to both sides, "You have never been properly and thoroughly married, or you do not remember the solemn promises you have made to God. Stand up now, and take each other by the hand while I marry you once more." So deeply were they impressed by the solemn pledges of mutual love and forbearance required in the second marriage ceremony, and by the earnest prayer in which their pastor laid their difficulties be-

fore the Lord, that there was never after any hint of trouble between them. Dr. Tenney's wife was the attractive and accomplished Ruth Channing, niece of the celebrated Dr. William Ellery Channing.

Phœbe Jewett Tenney, the eldest daughter of Capt. Tenney, was the wife of Dr. Cutter, deacon for many years in the Hollis church. Nancy, my own mother, married Abner B. Little and removed with him to Illinois in 1836, and died there.

William, the second son, was a graduate of Dartmouth, and became a lawyer in New Market, N. H. Sarah, who was next in age, married Mr. Boynton of Westford, Mass. Lucinda became the wife of Deacon Kimball of Temple, N. H.

When Captain William Tenney died in 1806, his youngest son, Ralph Emerson Tenney, was a lad of sixteen years, and, as was customary in those days, the boy was placed in charge of a guardian and regularly "bound out" by him. The instrument which was drawn at the time (probably by Jesse Worcester, Esq.) has been preserved, and I am indebted to Miss H. M.

Tenney of Greenwich, Conn., for a copy which lies before me. It seems to me of sufficient interest to justify my giving it in full:

“An agreement or bargain between Ephraim Burge of Hollis, gentleman, and guardian for Ralph Tenney, a minor, on the one part, and the widow Phœbe Tenney, of said Hollis, on the other.”

The bargain is as follows:

“Said Ralph is to live with his mother, the said widow Tenney, from the present time until he shall arrive at the age of twenty-one years, all of which time he is to be faithful, dutiful, and obedient, and carefully to refrain from all those vices and practices which it is reasonable that common apprentices should be required to conduct. And further, the said widow Tenney is to improve the whole of said term as though it were her own, two pieces of land which were assigned to said Ralph in the last will and testament of his father, William Tenney, dec'd, which lands are known by the name of the Mosier meadow, and wood-lot and road pasture; and the said widow Tenney on her part engages that she will from time to

time and at all times during said term provide decent and suitable clothing and provision, and lodging suitable for such a young man, and in all respects during said term she engages to do for and to treat said Ralph well as it is reasonable that a master should be required to do for or treat an apprentice, and at twenty-one to clothe him with three suits; and further she engages to give him two months' schooling in each year, and to keep for him the whole of said term one yoke of oxen or to the value thereof in other stock as he shall choose and provide, and also to give annually ten bushels of rye. And at the age of twenty-one years she hereby obligates herself to pay him two hundred dollars in money, or to bear interest, and if not paid in one year, compound interest till paid; and it is further agreed by the parties that in case said Ralph should by reason of sickness or wounds, be unable to labor at any one time for more than one week, the said widow shall have full compensation for the time which he shall lose in this manner, viz.: all over one week at a time, and that he shall be at the expense of all physicians and sur-

geons for himself during said term; but for all the time he shall lose by sickness and not exceeding one week at a time nor for any nursing or boarding, there shall be no charge against said Ralph.

Agreed to this fifteenth day of Sept., 1806, by
PHŒBE TENNEY,
EPHRAIM BURGE.

Assented to by RALPH E. TENNEY.

Attest: JESSE WORCESTER."

This same Ralph E. Tenney succeeded to the homestead. To it he brought, in 1818, as his second wife (his first wife was Olive Brown, who lived but a short time after her marriage), Phœbe C. Smith, the good and faithful helpmeet who made his home bright and happy throughout his life. A few rods from the family residence a little house, once used as a malt-house, had been fitted up for the reception of the "town's poor" whom Mr. Tenney "bid off" according to the curious custom of the time. My earliest recollections of my aunt, Mrs. Tenney, are connected with the generous platters of excellent food which I was accustomed to see her carry out to those unfortunate ones.

She moved among them like a queen, forgetful of her high estate, and seeking only to carry comfort and cheer to the needy; or like an angel of mercy, shedding the light of her higher life upon darkened pathways. All through her long life, in her own large family, in the church and in the town, she was one of the most active and useful of women.

Mr. Tenney early ranked as one of the substantial men of Hollis. He was wise above many, for he knew both how to speak (and to speak well), and how to hold his peace. To many of those who knew him, he was, like General Grant of recent years, "the silent man"; but when he chose to speak, his words were weighty ones, with an influence which the words of no chatterer can carry. Hollis was a whig town. Mr. Tenney was an Adams man in 1824, but in 1828 he espoused Jackson's cause. On learning the fact, Squire Pool said, "That turns Hollis."

In the course of his career Mr. Tenney filled nearly all the different town offices, and was for many years deputy sheriff of the county. He also served several terms in the State Leg-

islature, both in the House and in the Senate. All of his children, except the eldest son, William N. Tenney, who inherited the home farm, found distant homes. Emeline, who became Mrs. Putnam, of Bedford, Mass., was a charming and lovable woman. She died many years since. Mrs. Phebe Tenney McIntire rejoices in one son, Frank K. Her home is in Salem, Mass. Mary Tenney is the fortunate wife of Mr. L. P. Hubbard, of Greenwich, Conn., and her youngest sister, Harriet Maria Tenney, formerly one among the many teachers who have gone out from Hollis, has for some years resided with Mrs. Hubbard.

Sarah Tenney, Mrs. Rodney J. Hardy, has a home in the pleasant Boston suburb of Arlington. She has six or seven bright boys and girls, some of whom have won honors for the family at the various New England colleges.

The two younger sons came to the west. Near the Chicago Post Office, at 46 Lakeside Building, is the business home of Ralph A. Tenney, the elder of these two, who has spent the last forty-one years mainly in the state of his adoption, Illinois. He was at first located



R. A. Ramsey.

at Kewanee, being, indeed, one of the original founders and proprietors of that thriving town, and labored with characteristic public spirit to promote its best interests. Then came four years of service as Captain in the United States army. Since then, Chicago has been his residence—with intervals for extensive travels in the East and on the Pacific slope. No man lives who holds more sacred, than R. A. Tenney, the memory of his childhood's home. No one rejoices more than he in the honors which come to Hollis through the lives—brilliant, distinguished, famous, or simply noble, upright and good—of those whom she has sent forth to do the world's work. He loves the *old* home, but wherever he has lived—merry, genial, whole-souled, generous man that he is—he has gathered round him such a host of friends, and made himself so large a place in their esteem, that ever after that place is “home” to him, and claims him as her own. With a heart as warm and tender as a woman's, his own confiding, trustful spirit and winning manner draw all to him. To old and young alike he is just “Ralph,” and the name is a synonym for all

that is cordial and kind and cheering. I always think of him as young; he looks young and feels young; but, dear me, he isn't young. Why, he has several grandchildren, and one of them is a young lady grown.

"Ralph's" youngest brother, Charles F. Tenney, has long resided at Bement, Ill., where he has been a successful business man. A part of his interesting family have recently visited Hollis with him. Mr. Tenney is highly esteemed in his town and county, as is proved by the majority which he received on the occasion of his election to the State Legislature. Another Hollis man may be found in Bement, a brother of R. E. Tenney, now living in Hollis. I am told that he is doing a good business there. Still another brother has found an Iowa home at Farragut.

All this passes before my mind as I linger in thought about my grandfather's farm. I cannot leave the spot of so many associations without remembering that it was my mother's birthplace, the home of her happy girlhood; that here she commenced her faithful, Christian life; that here she was married, and from here went

forth to make the new home which provides the setting for the dearest of my own early memories.

May the line of Tenneys, to own and occupy the dear old place, never fail; but may it never fall to a Tenney who shall not, in life and character, be worthy to succeed to so rich an inheritance and so noble an ancestry.

X.

In the neighborhood of the Hubbards and the Tenneys lived Benjamin Farley, senior, father of Benjamin Mark Farley. I remember him only as a retired gentleman. In describing him I cannot do better than to quote from a speech of L. P. Hubbard, Esq., delivered in 1880. "He was a gentleman of the old school. He took a great interest in the boys. I worked for him sixty years ago; he could not have treated me more kindly if I had been his own son. On Saturdays, several hours earlier than usual, he would say, "Boys, it is time to quit work and get ready for the Sabbath."

A little beyond we now find Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Farley. I well remember the latter as a child, living at home with her father, Captain Ben. Farley, as he was familiarly called.

Let us stop next at the home of Amos Eastman, Esq. He was already, in my childhood, far on the downward side of the hill of life, but he had been one of the strong, positive men of

the town. He had served in the Revolutionary War, and had held many important offices in Hollis. In 1826 I worked for him several weeks, picking apples; and I now recall that in the last year of my residence in Hollis, in 1832, on one Sabbath afternoon, I attended the funeral of the venerable man, and listened to an impressive sermon from the text, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

His was a fine farm, and, judging from the tax-list, he must have been an extensive property owner. I have before me a list of those "warned out" in 1822, by the Selectmen, B. M. Farley and Wm. Ames, to work their road tax, at the rate of eight cents per hour for a man, and the same for a yoke of oxen. Here are a few of the items: Amos Eastman, \$14.64; Daniel Lawrence, \$7.36; Benjamin Farley, Esq., \$3.25; R. E. Tenney, \$4.42; Dr. William Hale, \$2.37; Alpheus Eastman, \$3.17; James Hardy, .73.

Next door dwelt Mr. Alpheus Eastman, an interesting man of great life and activity. I always liked the man in spite of the fact that he dreadfully disappointed my boyish aspira-

tions when he decided, once upon a time, that I was too young to attend his singing school. Perhaps if he had been willing to take me then under his skillful tuition, I might be now a better singer than I am. He was high-keyed himself, but none too much so for a man who keeps himself well under control. I doubt not that the sweet singer, the lover of earthly music, has been for many years—as we count time—singing the “new song” of the redeemed, above. His son, William Plummer Eastman, very near my own age, was called to the ministry. He preached successfully through life in Ohio, and a few years ago was called to his reward.

Passing by the Lawrence farm, a few years ago, I found that it had been divided up, and the mutations of three-score years had stripped it of all representatives of the old family which I recollect. It lay south of the home last mentioned, and was the residence of Daniel Lawrence, one of the staid citizens of Hollis, an extensive farmer, with a large family. The names which he chose for his sons are evidence of his acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, for they are all to be found therein. Daniel

went early to seek his fortune in the wilds of the West. Mark followed his father's calling. Luke was indeed the beloved physician, but his life was full of suffering, and he died young. Caroline went about among the various families of the town, in the capacity of tailoress, and was greatly beloved by all who knew her.

South of the Lawrence farm lived Jesse Read, who removed some time since, to New York City.

Going on a little farther in this direction, I reach one of those old stone posts, common in New England, set up according to law as boundary marks. The capital letter "H" cut in the north side of the stone, gives me notice that I must not pass beyond, even far enough to look at the "P" on the opposite side, if I would not step out of the town of Hollis, out of New Hampshire, out of my bailiwick, and into the town of Pepperell, Mass.

"Fog End" is close at hand. It was fully seventy years ago that I first knew Mr. Matthew Withington who lived on the corner next to the blacksmith shop. For the times, he was a good and somewhat progressive farmer, and I re-

member that he brought in improved stock.

We boys always used to look with wonder at the blacksmith, Mr. William Adams, with his bowed form, bent nearly at right angles. He seemed to be, in spite of it, a strong, healthy man. He was very ingenious, and made good rifles in all their parts.

Close by lived Amos Haggett, who, as regularly as the Sabbath morning came, might have been seen with his wife and daughter on the way to church, seated in their one-horse chaise, behind his fine, dark bay fast-stepper.

The residence of Captain Flagg is one of those which I used often to visit with my father, and it seems that when I go again I shall see him as of old, and hear him talk in his pleasant way, and then, bringing out, every now and then, that quaint, favorite expression of his, "Bless my body! Bless my body!" But he has been under the sod these many years. The Rev. Mr. Smith was not more regular in attendance at meeting than Captain Flagg and his family, though he was often obliged to stand up during the sermon to prevent drowsiness. It is pleasant to know that a son occupies the

old homestead, and all the more so since I have learned that the wife who presides over the home is a sister of James and Luther Proctor, who were my schoolmates at Beaver Brook school.

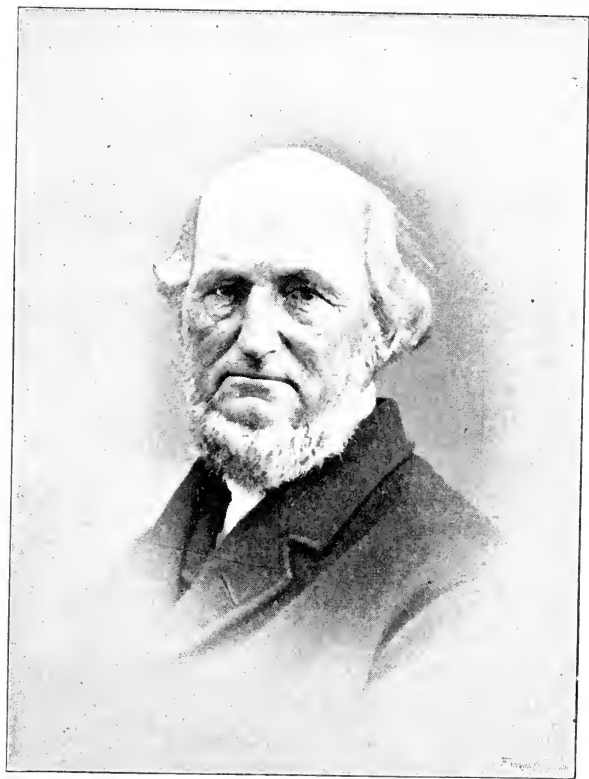
Westward, toward Brookline, the land was of the poorest quality. I have not seen it for nearly seventy years, but I am sure I have never seen more bogs to the acre than were to be found in these meadows. The poor farmers, among whom were Levi Kemp and Jonas Lawrence, remained upon that wretched soil only because they did not know that the great, rich West was then open to settlement at a dollar and a quarter an acre.

Robert Colburn's home was one of the landmarks of my time. His industry as cooper and farmer supported a large family. He was happy in a cheerful, contented disposition, and his merry laugh seemed to ring out as readily in times of adversity as in prosperity.

If one of the old prophets had shown Jesse Worcester, Esq., three-fourths of a century ago, that his son, John N. Worcester, would commence and his grandsons bring to completion

the great improvements on that old farm which he purchased in the south part of the town, and bring it to its present high state of culture, with its orchards and fruits, and its magnificent buildings, I think he would have found it hard to put full faith in the vision.

The original Worcester homestead, which has been in the family for more than a hundred and forty years, is about half a mile from the meeting-house. As I remember, Mr. Jesse Worcester, who resided there in my early boyhood, was already growing old, and the youngest of his children was about five years older than myself. He was a dignified, venerable man, and took an active part in town matters. Being gifted with unusual endowments, his influence was always important. His youthful patriotism had led him to enter the Revolutionary army when only fifteen years of age. He married, in 1783, Sarah Parker, who proved a true helpmeet during the long life they lived together. Their nine sons and six daughters all lived to adult age. Fourteen of them were teachers, and seven of the sons aspired to a college education. I love to look at the pho-



John N. Worcester

tographs of that remarkable couple. Both are strong, well-balanced characters. I have followed the history of their children, and I ask, can anyone point me to a family like them in numbers, in character and in ability? One son alone, Joseph E. Worcester, author of the famous dictionary and other books, has brought great honor upon his parents and upon his native town. I was best acquainted with John N., the son who remained at home and spent his long life in Hollis. While he lived it always gave me pleasure to meet him, and now that he is gone, I cherish a strong interest in his enterprising sons.

The old Worcester mansion and farm are still owned by members of the late T. Gilman Worcester's family, and his accomplished daughter, Miss L. E. Worcester, resides there. I trust it may be long before the place passes to another name.

Some time ago, I received from an old Hollis friend, who has long since left the early home, a copy of the record of births in the Center School District, from 1798 to 1809, inclusive. As I read over the long list of names it is like

calling the roll of the dead. Many of them I knew. I met them on the street, in school, in church. Of those born in the year 1808, eleven are gone. Only two are living now, Luther Prescott Hubbard and David Worcester. The latter is the youngest of the fifteen children of the late Jesse Worcester. When we were boys at school, David was one of the large boys, wise and studious, to whom I looked up from my place among the "little shavers." A good many boys have gone from Hollis district school to Harvard University, and David Worcester was one of them. After spending two years in Harvard's classic halls, he became himself a teacher, opening a high school in Bangor, Me. Most of his life has been spent there, but some ten or twelve years ago he came to Iowa, and now lives in Albion, about thirty miles north of the town in which I reside. There he dispenses justice to his fellow-citizens, and they are not disposed to release him from his important duties, although his years are four-score and four. In his courts the scales are held with an even balance.

The full account given of this remarkable

family by Judge Worcester in his History of Hollis, published in 1878, makes it unnecessary for me to dwell upon it. My little sketches, however, would be incomplete without some mention of those members of the family whom I knew.

XI.

Captain Jeremiah Dow I knew well. He owned a good farm, was a good farmer, and one of the substantial, prosperous men of the town. He had found a real helpmeet in the wife he had taken from one of the prominent families of Hollis. Tall and strong as was the manly Captain, he could not stand before the scythe of time, which cut him down some years ago.

Another family which rises before me just as I knew them sixty or more years ago, is that of "Squire Pool,"—gentlemanly 'Squire Pool. It seemed impossible for him ever to be, in word or act, anything but a gentleman. There were the parents, two sons and five daughters, all intelligent, energetic, full of life, and leaders in the community. Benjamin, the eldest son, was the tallest man in Hollis, and John, at eighteen, was a champion wrestler and a very Hercules for strength. Strong and gifted as they were,

it is sad to think that, one by one, they have all passed away.

I call next at the corner, where lived Deacon Enoch Jewett. He had a bright, energetic, ambitious family. Nathan Thayer married in succession two of his daughters; another daughter married Col. William Emerson. Noah was a bright, talented boy, and Gibson became a physician in Kentucky. Death has claimed the deacon, his wife, and, I think, all the children.

I want to add a few words concerning Deacon Burge, though I have previously spoken of him as an officer in the church. He was one of the ripe Christians, of symmetrical, rounded character, of disciplined heart and head. His life was full of good works. Take him all in all, I have never known a better deacon. His family joined him heartily in works of benevolence; none were more faithful to the poor than they. I have heard the Rev. Doctor Caleb J. Tenney say, "Deacon Burge will come out like gold from the fire."

I am glad to know that the Burge home has been kept in the name. Cyrus, a son, lived and died there, and it descends to a grandson, the present occupant, Mr. C. F. Burge.

The important business point in Hollis, outside the center, seventy years ago, was Runnells' mill. Though there were several other mills in town, none of them had sufficient water to turn the great wheel all the year. Nathan Holt, Captain Wright and Winkel Wright, his brother, all owned mills which were kept running while the water power was adequate, but were forced to be idle a considerable part of the year. But the Nashua never ran dry, and it furnished Runnells' mill with unfailing power. Every man, and every boy ten years old in all the country around, knew the road to that mill, where were ground the rye and corn which made the bread that was the daily food for that generation. Fine wheat flour was regarded as an expensive luxury. It was sold in the stores in small quantities—by the "stone" or "half-stone"—and used in the various families on special festive occasions, or when visitors were entertained.

When quite a small boy I was taught the way to Runnells' mill, and many a time, before I was ten, was I placed on top of a bag of corn, duly balanced across the old horse's back, and

started on the long road to mill. It was a long distance even beyond the Burge farm mentioned last.

A little beyond that, was the Nathaniel Jewett home, now owned by Mr. William Farley. I recall that at one time the "town's poor" were sheltered in that house for the five years for which they had been auctioned off to the lowest bidder.

Plodding along upon a slow walk, we (my old horse and I) pass what was afterwards the Fox Farm, and the road that turns to the left to Miles Wright's, then on over poor, sandy land, until we come to Mr. Benjamin Smith's home. A good man he was, and had married one of the proud-spirited, energetic daughters of Deacon Jewett. Why did they stay on that poor little farm? The best that could be said of it was that there was always plenty of water in the Nashua for his horse and cows.

Now we come to the bridge, and then, soon, to the mill, where we find Samuel and Ebenezer Runnells, father and son, busy with their varied labors in saw-mill, grist-mill, and carding machine; none too busy, however, to help

the small boy off his horse, grind his grist, mount him once more on his sack of meal and start him on his homeward way. As the times were, that ever-busy mill was a great blessing to Hollis.

I learn through the kindness of Mr. D. F. Runnells, of Nashua, that the estate known as the Runnells mill property was purchased by his great-grandfather, Ebenczer Runnells, in 1777, and given to his son, Samuel Runnells, in consideration of which "the said Samuel," by his father's will, was to pay his mother thirty shillings yearly, and was also to make her "an annual visit during her natural life"—a duty which he faithfully performed. About the year 1795 Samuel Runnells built the saw and grist mill, with two run of stones, and afterwards added a carding mill. For many years the hum of business there was unceasing. Now all is changed. There is no noise of saw or rumble of mill-stones. If the boy I have been speaking of were to stand there to-day, with his white head and furrowed face, and call for Samuel Runnells, he would get no answer. On inquiry he would be told that the

old miller, so well known in his boyish days, had been dead nearly sixty years. Let him call for Ebenezer Runnells, and only the ceaseless roll of the swift river will answer, for he, too, died more than a quarter of a century ago; and the bare-foot boy now carries the weight of nearly four-score years upon his weary shoulders.

That part of Hollis on the east side of the river, containing about five hundred acres of land, was known as "the Pumpkin Yard." It was divided into several farms, one of them owned by the Runnells family, one by Winslow Read, and one by Thaddeus Marshall who had two promising sons, Darwin and Freeman, and one or more daughters. Dunstable people will never cease to boast of the good bargain they made, in ceding the territory of the "Pumpkin Yard" to Hollis, with the consideration that Hollis should build the bridge and keep it up perpetually.

On either side of the Worcester mansion with its family of fifteen children, were two other large families. In Mr. Sewall Butterfield's home, as I have been told, were sixteen chil-

dren, while Mr. William Wood, less than a mile away, must have been envious with only fourteen. Had these forty-five children all been of school-age together, the three households would have amply filled a country school house of ordinary size.

Not far away lived Elias Conant, a wheelwright by trade, with a great passion for fox-hunting. I seldom ever saw him unaccompanied by one or more of his fox-hounds or his grayhound. Foxes were plenty in those days. I often saw them as I went to the woods pasture for the cows. Sometimes they were tame enough to come out and play with my little dog.

Once a year Mr. Conant had friends from Salem, Mass., spending a week with him for the fox-chase. I often watched them searching for the track of the fox in our pasture. When they had found it the hounds would start off with their noses to the ground, uttering their peculiar hoarse bark at every jump. The game was sly and cunning, and would lead them a long chase over the Ratmatat and up to Rocky Pond; then turning and doubling the

track, I saw him sometimes back near the starting point, while the bark of the dogs was far away. At times the sounds of the chase continued far into the night. It was fine sport for the city folks and there was great excitement and great parade over it all. Perhaps the foxes enjoyed it too; I cannot remember that any of them were ever the worse for all the stir and tumult.

A little to the east lived Nathan Holt; a quiet, good man, reliable in business, and regular in attendance at church on the Sabbath. He was a small farmer, and also owned a mill, the water being carried from the pond some distance in an elevated box to the overshot wheel, which was watched with great interest by the boys. Mr. Holt had two sons, Artemas and Fifield, and one daughter, Sibyl, who married Asa Farley, and removed to Michigan.

Near by lived Ralph Lovejoy who was feared by the boys as one of the active and watchful tithing-men. I think he served in this office until the whole system was dropped or died a natural death. In those days we had about the same feeling toward the tithing-men, that the Jews had toward the Roman tax-gatherer.

The pleasant place where Mr. Daniel Merrill lived so long and reared his large family is not far from the meeting-house. Mr. Merrill was a good and energetic business man and accumulated a fine property. Being a man of strength and decision of character, he had his own views of business and politics, and occasionally "spoke out in meeting," as already related. Upon his decease, at a good old age, the farm descended to his son, William, whose daughter and only child inherited the property. She now has passed away, and the old home is in the hands of strangers.

Samuel Quaid and Mr. Avery were residents of the immediate neighborhood east and south of the church. The first was a harness-maker, the second a shoemaker. Mr. Quaid was accustomed to apply himself closely to business. He married Sarah Boynton in 1825. Mr. Avery was a jovial, rollicking sort of man, one of the sort who "sleep o' nights," I should think. At all events, I know that he was so fat that when he sharpened his knife on his shoe, he had great difficulty in bringing the two together. I think he excelled in avoirdupois all the

men in Hollis, except Major Parker, in the southwest part of town. He had, withal, a mathematical mind, and often helped the school-masters when they came upon a particularly knotty problem; he would also leave his work at any time to puzzle them with hard questions.

Leonard W. Farley was one of our carpenters, an excellent and industrious man with steady nerve and level head, as those would testify who have seen him high up toward the sky repairing the meeting-house steeple. A few years later than the time I have been speaking of, he built a house a little east of town, to which he took Miss Butterfield, his estimable wife.

About half a mile east of the center of the town was an excellent farm in a good location, where lived its owner Jonathan Saunderson. He had married, in 1792, a sister of 'Squire Pool. At the time of my earliest recollection of them, there was an interesting family of three sons and two daughters, all older than myself. Jonathan, the oldest son, received a college education and studied law with 'Squire

Farley. He was also a great lover of music, and himself a fine singer. On one occasion, on his return to Hollis after a long absence, he attended a conference meeting in the church. Mr. Smith gave out a hymn and waited for some one to "start the tune." No one seemed able to do so, till, finally, Mr. Saunderson began with his melodious voice, which so charmed the congregation that they listened without joining him till he had sung the entire hymn through alone.

William, the second son, married Miss Marshall and remained through life at the old homestead. Henry became a minister and preached in Vermont and New Hampshire. The two daughters were beautiful and intelligent girls. Both married in Hollis and died young. When I left Hollis the venerable couple were living, but ere long passed from earth, and I think all their children have followed them.

Still a little further east we come to the pleasant neighborhood made by the Holden and Jewett families, among the most worthy and true in town. In the Holden household there

were many children. Caroline was the one I knew best, as she was for several years teacher of Beaver Brook school; but I knew Sarah, also, who became the honored wife of the late John N. Worcester.

Among the Jewetts, I remember Ralph as a prominent man. In this neighborhood was also the home of "Jack" Jewett, as he was familiarly called, and of his sister Eliza. They both lived to a good old age, spending their last years in the Conant house near the center of the town. They, too, have passed away.

A little south of this attractive region lived Burpee Ames, a live, active man for one so near the "Sunset Land," and one who had long been identified with the best interests of Hollis.

XII.

A short distance east and south of the Hollis meeting-house was the home of Deacon Daniel Emerson, a man born in Hollis, and who spent the seventy-four years of his life there. He was the son of the first minister, Rev. Daniel Emerson, and no better man ever lived in Hollis, unless it was his father.

Seventy-one years ago I attended Deacon Emerson's funeral, and was gently led to the coffin by my mother. His was the first dead face I had ever seen, and I remember how the marble appearance struck a chill to my heart. Then I saw the people gather about, and witnessed their grief; all the town seemed to be present, the rich and the poor, each mourning the loss of a friend. I saw the coffin lowered into the grave and covered. I cannot describe the feeling that overcame me; I thought it an awful thing to die.

I remember the walk home up Conant Lane, when my mother told me that the soul was in

heaven, that the body would turn to dust, that God would watch over that dust, and at the Judgment day it would rise a glorified body, and so it would be with all who were Christians.

As the years passed, even to the time when I left Hollis, people still spoke in praise of Deacon Daniel Emerson. The poor never forgot to tell how he had helped them, and no one ever said aught against him. In Worcester's History of Hollis is found quite a full account of this man, raised up for the time and place, and from it I quote a few facts. "He was born in 1746, married Amy Fletcher in 1768, was chosen deacon in 1775, and held the office until his death in 1821; he was appointed coroner and high sheriff of the county; he served as captain through all, or nearly all, the Revolutionary War; he was a member of the N. H. Council and the Constitutional Convention, and was Representative to the N. H. General Court nineteen different years. The family of Deacon Emerson was an honor to himself and a blessing to the world; three sons—Daniel, Joseph and Ralph—became ministers, the last being a professor at Andover Seminary."

Perhaps among all the shining names of those among the children of Hollis, whom she delights to honor, not one will show brighter upon the heavenly register than that of the Rev. Joseph Emerson, the modest, earnest, pious man, feeble in body but exceedingly vigorous of mind and character. He was a worthy son of his excellent father, the deacon. He filled several pastorates with eminent success, but the work for which the world will longest remember and honor him was that which he did to promote the higher education of women. In that cause he was indeed a pioneer. His seminary for the education of women as teachers, opened in Byfield, Massachusetts, in 1818, in accordance with his long-cherished purpose, was the first Protestant female seminary, not only in America, but in the world. What would be to-day the status of woman's education in the United States, but for the life and labor of Mary Lyon and Miss Z. P. Grant? Both were pupils of Joseph Emerson, and held him in loving, grateful remembrance to the latest day of their lives, while both were wont to express a deep sense of their indebtedness to

him for his large share in their preparation for their great life work. Let every woman who rejoices to-day in the opportunities open to her for the highest university training revere the memory of Joseph Emerson.

I naturally call next at the house of the old pastor, Rev. Eli Smith. I have previously spoken of him, and will only add that he was a strong man, true to his convictions; nothing could turn him to the right or to the left from what he considered to be duty. Although Mr. Smith was an old man when his labors closed with the Hollis church, he sought new fields, and preached until about the close of his life. He married Amy Emerson, daughter of Deacon Emerson, and she was indeed a model pastor's wife. I will but say of her, Blessed wife, blessed mother, blessed woman in the church and in the town! Three sons and two daughters were about this home seventy years ago—Luther, Joseph Emerson, John, Catharine and Amy. They all left Hollis early in life, save Joseph E., who still lives on the old homestead. He has held during his long life many important positions in town, and represented the

town in the legislature. I saw him in his home not long since, and he paid me this moderate compliment, "I see by your letters that you retain your memory and faculties yet."

I have known four generations of this family, and, from what I have seen of the fourth, I feel sure that the stock is not running out.

Dea. William Emerson was one of the live, wide-awake men of Hollis, full of kindness and good works, and fond of military life; his wife was a daughter of Deacon Jewett. Perhaps I may say this was one of the most aristocratic families in town. The children whom I remember were younger than myself—William, Sarah and Charles. William has passed from my knowledge; Sarah I met, I believe, in 1880; I had lost sight of Charles for nearly sixty years, but a few years since found him to be a resident of Keokuk, in my own adopted state, and I have since had a pleasant correspondence with him. As might be expected from his ancestry, he is a good, reliable man, and an active member of the Congregational church where he resides.

Across the street from Deacon Emerson's,

and near the southeast corner of the old center cemetery, resided Hannah French, a maiden lady of perhaps forty or fifty years, living alone in two small rooms. She was very industrious, and one of the most devoted Christians I have ever known. Miss French used to make straw hats for a livelihood, and, being somewhat eccentric, when she had occasion to walk the streets for a longer or shorter distance, she was usually braiding straw and talking to herself. She attended nearly all the meetings, whether in the church or in distant school-houses, always, on week-days, working with her fingers and talking to herself as she proceeded to and fro.

Hannah French was poor, always poor, but one of God's poor, rich in faith and good works. Eccentric as she was, laugh about her though they did, she was an advanced Christian. When the American Board had been organized some ten or fifteen years, an agent came to Hollis to raise funds. The sentiment of the people was largely against sending money away from home, but Hannah French advocated giving, saying, the world was to be con-

verted to Christ, and the gospel must be sent to the heathen. Poor as she was, she gave her last cent for the cause of foreign missions. Mr. L. P. Hubbard of Greenwich, Conn., tells me that the very day on which she gave her all, she met a merchant who bought a quantity of straw hats of her, and by this sale her empty purse was again filled. Now we are all up to her standard; now we all see as she saw seventy years ago. "The secrets of the Lord are with them that fear him."

I have already spoken of Ambrose Gould, merchant and postmaster, but I think I did not say that his wife was a sister of Captain Page Farley. They had three sons and three daughters, who held leading positions in society, but all sought distant homes as early as 1830.

When Ambrose Gould kept the postoffice it was a small affair, for such an institution had been established in Hollis only a few years. Newspapers were not then generally carried through the mail, if indeed they were so carried at all, and the tri-weekly mail carried by one Mr. Small from Amherst to Groton, and by which Hollis was served, did not bring us our

newspapers. I suspect that there was only one paper taken in Hollis in those early days, though I will not be positive. Certainly there were just fifty-two numbers taken in Hollis of *The Farmers' Cabinet*, established in Amherst, then the county seat of Hillsborough county, in the year 1792, by Richard Boylston. The responsibility of procuring their papers each week from the publisher rested on the subscribers. They went, by turns, every Saturday, to Amherst, and left the package of papers at Mr. Gould's store for distribution, that for the man who must next bring the bundle from Amherst having written on the margin, "Your turn next."

The "turn" of one of the farmers chanced, once upon a time, to come on his very busiest haying day. Neither he nor his horse could be spared. The hay *must* be carted to the barn before Sunday, and the papers *must* be brought from Amherst. It was settled that the youngest of the three boys—a little chap of nine or ten years—must go on foot. I don't remember that the boy's wishes were consulted, but off he was started on Saturday morning for the

long walk of nine or ten miles over a strange road. The boys of those days were not the timid, delicate creatures we sometimes see now-a-days, and the little fellow trudged sturdily away over the hills, whistling to himself for company, if I remember rightly, and taking care to ask every individual he met on the way, whether that was the right road to Amherst. Having found the office, and scanned with sharp, curious, boyish eyes the face of that great man, the editor, and the mysterious appliances of the printing room, he secured his fifty-two papers and turned to retrace his steps. His mother had not forgotten to fill his jacket pocket with a mid-day lunch, and, having left the town behind, he sat down by the wayside and refreshed himself for the return journey. He remembers yet how slow and toilsome was his progress over the sandy road near the corner where the four towns, Hollis, Amherst, Milford and Merrimac meet, and how he took a short rest at Joseph Patch's store. He has not forgotten, either, how his weary legs and arms ached when he at last reached Mr. Gould's store and laid the bundle gladly down on the

counter. The years since then have turned the boy's brown hair white, and he has long dwelt far from the scenes of his childhood, but among the most vivid of his "recollections of seventy years ago" is that of his long walk for those fifty-two copies of *The Farmers' Cabinet*.

In the family of Nehemiah Woods were five sons and two or more daughters, but all left Hollis about 1826. In 1840 the oldest son, Nehemiah Park Woods, was commanding a steamer on the Mississippi. James, better known in Hollis as "Jim" Woods, I saw in the territory of Iowa, a full-fledged lawyer, in 1840. He resided in Iowa until his death, a few years ago. At that time he was the oldest practicing lawyer in that state and was well known there.

Now that I am in the vicinity of the Price house, I am reminded that Gibson Jewett began to build, but was unable to finish it, and Mr. Price of Boston, one of his creditors, completed it. In addition to house and store, he made what was for the time a fine hall for public gatherings. Perhaps it was the hall that suggested to the young people the idea of a dancing school, though the religious sentiment

of the community was against dancing. A Mr. Francis Radoux, a Frenchman from Boston, was engaged as teacher, and a class was formed of a select number of chosen ones, others being refused admittance. This naturally gave offense, and another dancing school was organized with the intention of using the same hall for its meetings. To prevent this, school number one dispatched an application post-haste, to the owner in Boston, to engage the room for the whole time of the winter season. Learning of this fact an hour later, school number two equipped Jewett Conant with a swift steed and a light sulky and ordered him to reach Boston in advance of messenger number one or perish in the attempt. Half-way to the goal Conant procured a fresh horse, and having disguised himself past recognition, had the satisfaction of passing his rival a few miles out of Boston, winning the race, and securing the use of the hall for two evenings a week, as he desired. The excitement in town did not subside until the following evening, when Conant returned, the champion of victory. So there were two dancing schools in Hollis that winter.

XIII.

North from the Price building lived Jonathan Eastman, commonly called "Jack" Eastman. He had been educated at Dartmouth College, entered the United States army, and served in the war of 1812 as paymaster, was at Hull's surrender in Canada, returned to Hollis with broken health and died in 1827, leaving an interesting family. His son Porter and his daughter Eleanor were particularly bright children.

The few lines which I have given to "Squire Mark" Farley seem hardly sufficient for one so well known, and whose life was of so great value to his native town and state. Yet, perhaps, *because* his history is so well known to the present generation, I do not need to say more, and will only add that the men are few indeed who could have filled his place, or whose services to Hollis could have been so important. Of his promising family, "Ben" was the only son. He proved too modest a man to fulfill his father's hopes by becoming a lawyer, and retired to a

farm near Worcester, Mass., where he still lives, five years older than myself. 'Squire Farley educated his daughters chiefly at home, opening for their sakes a small private school for which he had fitted up a room, and for which he secured an accomplished lady, Miss Ripley, as teacher, admitting a small number of pupils from neighboring families as companions for his daughters. Among them was my sister, Ruth Channing Little. The time came when, one by one, the children had all gone out into the world, and the wife had been taken from his side. Then "Squire Mark" went to reside on Beacon St., Boston, with his daughter, Mrs. Bancroft, who cheered his last years with her affectionate and tender care. When death came the aged form was brought to Hollis, to lie amid the familiar scenes, awaiting the resurrection morn.

When I was a young man a book was published entitled "The Pleasures of Memory." Not long after, another book appeared, on "The Pains of Memory." Was ever poet or philosopher able to grasp it, to fathom it, to understand it—that marvelous power which preserves

secure, indestructible, the minutest atom of human experience, while score after score of years pass over, each seeming to bury deeper and deeper, beyond the possibility of resurrection, the unregarded fragments of early life? Yet, by the power of memory they come forth vivid, distinct, full of life and vigor as when first they made their impress on the youthful mind. As I have been writing these letters and revisiting, in thought, the scenes of former days, and especially since traversing, as I did last summer, the old familiar streets of Hollis, items of childish knowledge and experience rise before me with all the freshness and clearness of sixty or seventy years ago. I have been a child again, and lived once more my childhood and youth. Most of the memories which come back to me are pleasant ones, but some things I could wish buried in oblivion. Memory does not let us choose what things she shall bring forth from her store-house and pass before our willing or unwilling eyes. Sometimes the most trivial or foolish incidents return with most distinctness to our recollection. As I passed the Deacon Leonard W. Farley

house, last August, it came to my mind that I heard the men say when the house was building, that Mr. Farley bought for a dollar, a stone near Mr. Holden's, that split like a chestnut log and furnished the foundation of his house and the fine door-steps. I had not thought of it for, perhaps, sixty years, and I only vouch for what I heard others say.

In one of the families of which I have written there were two daughters, young ladies of unusual brilliancy, beauty and attractiveness. One of them had several suitors. There came a time when one of these seemed to have "got left," as the boys say now. Then somebody wrote of him in derision a so-called "poem," and copies were freely scattered through the town. There being little literature in those days, this crude poetic effusion was read by many, and even committed to memory. After more than three-score years of oblivion it comes back to me complete as when it first appeared on Hollis streets. I venture to repeat a few lines for the benefit of the present generation:

"A famous young painter in Hollis did dwell,
For fine, foppish ornaments none could excel.

Of his jewels and buttons he often did boast,
And no one knew how much they cost.
He courted a damsel of fortune and fame,
The fairest of jewels, Miranda by name.
His visits were frequent, yet sad was his grief
When he found she was absent with William, the
priest."

William Ames, Esq., living near the center of the town, was an intelligent, industrious, ambitious man. He was a shoemaker, but he had a taste for farming which led him to buy up tracts of meadow and out-lands in different parts of the town. He was a very hard worker; I have seldom known any who equalled him in that respect. Doubtless his life was shortened by his excessive labors. I knew his son and daughter, William and Sarah, as bright and interesting children.

Dr. Joseph F. Eastman was one of our most marked men. Born in Hollis in 1772, he studied medicine and practiced in New Boston for a few years, but returned afterwards to his farm near the center of his native town, where he resided until his death in 1865. Worcester's History tells us that he was for forty-seven years Coroner of the town, and for fifteen

years Moderator of Town meeting. Being a fearless, outspoken man, he made a good presiding officer. He seems to have had a real talent for farming, and took special delight in improving its methods and enlarging its results. His experiments and improvements were of value to many others. More than most men of that time he traveled, taking frequent trips to the state of New York, going, sometimes, as far as Buffalo. Wherever he went he held an open mind for the reception of new ideas of practical value, and returned home to apply to his own business suggestions gathered from his observations among the farmers of New York hills and valleys, or from the Dutch along the Hudson and Mohawk rivers. He was the first in Hollis to exchange the slow ox-team on the farm for horses, and he did much to develop and improve the fruits cultivated in this region. In all his enterprises his wife was the best of helpers. There were two sons and four daughters. Joseph, who succeeded his father on his farm, died in a few years. The daughters showed great executive ability. Sophia became the successful head of a state institution at Troy,

N. Y. The machinery of the large boarding house in Lowell, Mass., over which Abigail presided, ran like clock-work. Sarah, the oldest daughter, married Jeremiah Dow, in 1818, and on her husband's death, in 1876, Mrs. Dow, having inherited her ancestral home as the only remaining member of her father's family, returned there to reside.

Not far away stood the pleasant house where Joel Hardy spent most of his married life, and where most of his children were born, and whence he was borne to his burial. But I knew Mr. Hardy several years before he occupied this home, when he bought the Aaron Proctor farm, in 1823, and brought thither his young bride, Eliza Johnson. I remember the eager interest with which we children watched for the carriages conveying the bridal party to pass our lane on the wedding day, and what an elegant affair we thought it as the procession of friends and neighbors filed by, escorting the young couple from Pine Hill to their new home.

Joel Hardy came of good, fighting, Revolutionary stock, and himself early became captain of a military company. He was one of seven

sons, all but one endowed with good Scripture names: Jesse, Joel, Amos, Eli, Luther, Phineas and Daniel. I rather admire the spirit which placed Luther among the Bible saints and prophets as quite worthy a place in the list. Later I shall have occasion to speak of others of these seven brothers, but now I return to Joel. When only a boy of eleven I worked for him at dropping corn and other farm labors, and I then had an opportunity to become acquainted with both Mr. and Mrs. Hardy. As we worked in the field together—the man of position and influence, and the boy just beginning to open his curious eyes in eager questioning as to what the future might hold for him—we talked together, and many an interesting thought dropped into that immature mind abides to-day.

From the earliest settlement of the town, the road to the top of Proctor Hill had followed the hard, steep grade up the hillside. It waited for the observant eye of Joel Hardy to see that by curving north, an easy ascent could be made. By his energy, influence and labor the road was changed, while all wondered that they

should have travelled the old, steep way so long.

About this time I heard the Rev. Mr. Smith read from the pulpit a notice like this: "Joel Hardy and his wife desire to return thanks to God for recent favors." Whether the occasion for the thanksgiving was the arrival of Rodney J., or his oldest sister, I am not quite sure. The old custom of giving public thanks from the pulpit for favors of that sort was not continued in Hollis for many years longer. When Rev. David Perry came to be pastor of the church, he declined to read such notices, believing it better that the thanks should be offered in private. After Mr. Hardy left the farm and settled in the home which he occupied for the remainder of his life, he carried on coopering for a time, and afterwards turned his attention to cattle dealing, a business which he continued to follow while he lived. Mr. and Mrs. Hardy reared a large and worthy family. The four boys, having acquired a good business education, early left home to make their own way, and some of the daughters became fine teachers. Squire Mark Farley complimented, as it seemed

to me, both parents and children, when he said on one occasion, "I love to see the Hollis children come home. Especially do I love to see the children of Joel Hardy and Ralph E. Tenney come home." During the past year I have seen a goodly number of the children and grandchildren of Joel Hardy, and can testify that the stock is not running out, that the later generations are better educated than their ancestors, and equally enterprising. I speak from a knowledge of four generations of the family. It has been my happiness twice in less than two years to visit in the family of Rodney J., one of the sons of Joel Hardy, where I have been delighted to notice the intelligence and culture of the large family of children, presided over, I may be permitted to add, by their mother, who was one of the Hollis Tenney girls.

North of Dr. Eastman lived Mr. David Hale, already in my boyhood an old man. He was born in Hollis, and there reared his large family of boys and girls. John was a great machinist and made many valuable inventions. I believe that the cider mill and press invented by him before 1830 have never been surpassed

by any later inventions. All of the large family have now passed from my knowledge except the two youngest sons.

It was a good citizen and a fine mechanic who occupied the modest home a little to the west of Mr. Hale's. Captain Benjamin Farley had bought it and fitted it neatly up, and there he spent his after life. He had a very interesting family, but it is sad to learn that only one of the number remains. I had the pleasure of meeting that one last summer in the person of Mrs. Jefferson Farley (Captain Benjamin Farley's daughter, Charlotte,) and I am glad to acknowledge here the many kindnesses received from herself and her husband while a guest in their pleasant home during my stay in Hollis.

XIV.

Very near my old home, and not far to the west from Dr. Eastman's towards the Proctor Hill, lived Mr. Stephen Farley. Born in 1753, I recollect him only as an old man, one of the placid, quiet, genuine, good men. Most of his eight children lived to adult age, but all except the gentle, frail Joanna had left the parental home, and the wife and mother had gone to her grave.

Stephen Farley, Jr., the eldest son, was a graduate of Dartmouth College, a fine scholar, and an able preacher. Isaac became a deacon in the Hollis church in 1832. In the father and the invalid daughter, not yet thirty years old, I took great interest when I first knew the family, more than seventy years ago. I cannot remember having ever seen Joanna, except upon her bed or in a large rocking-chair, but the pale, sweet, loving face always drew me toward her, and her gentle, unselfish life, so full of thought for others, so forgetful of her

own suffering, has been my admiration ever since. Child as I was then, I still remember the pleasure I used to take in my visits to the lovely invalid and the dear, little, old man. He was bowed with age and racked with asthma, but always gentle and kind, with a cheery welcome for the boy. Mr. Farley owned a fairly good farm where he had long resided, but his desire for rest in his old age and relief from care, led him to do what is seldom wise for anyone. He made the property all over to a son-in-law, Captain Hubbard, reserving only a life lease of a little piece of land of three or four acres south of the road, and the eastern part of the house, with the condition that his daughter Joanna and himself should be provided for during their lives. It seemed for a time that the desired rest and ease had been secured by the plan. Mrs. Hubbard cared kindly for her father and sister. But a change was made. Another person bought the farm, assuming the obligations imposed upon Captain Hubbard, and disappointment and sorrow were henceforth the lot of the two dependent ones. Neglect and unkindness on the part of

some, took the place of affectionate care. Still the old man made no complaint, but worked his few acres of land, and did what he could for his sick child. But they were made to feel, more and more keenly, that they were an incumbrance, and their life grew harder and sadder, day by day. I have seen the tears course down the poor old man's face, as he spoke of his changed circumstances. Even the paper which secured him the life use of his small piece of reserved land, mysteriously disappeared after a time, and others possessed themselves of the land, but he uttered no harsh words of blame. The frail form could no longer hold the beautiful, chastened spirit of Joanna, and the forsaken tenement was laid in the grave, while the free spirit soared upward, and Joanna was no longer an incumbrance.

The old man lived on alone in the east room of his house. How often have I seen him there, reading over and over, the one beloved book, the old family Bible, and have heard him pray, standing with his hands upon the back of a chair. Did he sometimes hear, I have wondered, that voice which said to such as he,

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?" Did the dim and weary eyes rest with longing upon the words which pictured the home toward which he journeyed? "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." In his old age of loneliness and poverty, did he find heavenly comfort as he read, "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you!" And again, "He hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father." Did he turn from thoughts of his worn and thread-bare clothing to visions of the glorified raiment of the redeemed? Of the great multitude standing before the throne, and the Lamb clothed in white robes, with palms in their hands? Sitting lonely, in the darkness of night, struggling with his old enemy, the asthma, for the breath of earthly life, was he not cheered to think how near must be the green fields and the pure sweet air of heaven? Perhaps he said over and over to himself words of Holy Writ made familiar with his daily readings, "And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle,

neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light." "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more;" "And they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads." Shrinking, as timid mortals do, from the crossing of the dread river separating the gloom and sorrow here from the brightness and gladness on the other side, was he not strengthened as he thought, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Then how he must have rested upon the promise of God and walked fearlessly on, saying, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

He lived on his patient life till that cold January in 1837, having ever before him the vision of the city which hath foundations, where the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was of pure gold like unto clear glass. Joyfully he greeted the summons to enter there, where he was no more an incumbrance. And they took up Stephen and carried him to his burial; and the weary traveler was at rest.

XV.

We are now on the borders of Beaver Brook school district. Some of those living here have been mentioned, but I cannot pass by others residing so near my old home.

Abel Farley lived on the farm with Mrs. Stevens, and I remember many of his neighborly kindnesses. He and my father often exchanged work. I think he was brother to Captain Benjamin, and Leonard W. Farley.

The Farleys were good citizens, amiable and genuine in character; and the Farleys seemed to like the Farleys, as Abel, Jefferson, Alfred and Perry, married ladies of their own name.

Now I climb the Proctor Hill for the last time in my letters, as probably I have climbed it for the last time in life.

Mr. Smith used to hold evening meetings at the home of Aaron Proctor, and I attended some of them with my parents, when seven or eight years of age. I remember Mr. Smith's asking one and another as to the religious state

of their minds, beginning generally with the man of the house. Aaron Proctor would say, "I feel pretty stupid." I could not understand what he meant, but the words seemed to be "catching," for I recall that some of the others, as they were questioned, replied also, "I feel rather stupid." At these meetings, one, and sometimes two rooms, were filled by the people. How many could be gathered there now at such a meeting? Aaron Proctor was a grandson of Moses Proctor, who settled early on the Hill. Deacon E. J. Colburn, to whom I am indebted for certain dates and other items of interest which I shall use, tells me that he was, perhaps, the fourth settler of the town; surely he was a man of real pluck to settle on that hill at so early a date.

Next beyond Aaron Proctor's was the home of Captain Thomas Proctor. His father, Cyrus Proctor, lived there before him, and he was a man of much decision of character. He had a habit of profanity firmly fixed upon him before his conversion at the time of the great revival in 1801. This so changed his whole life that no one after that ever heard a profane word

pass his lips. Such is the power of religion! He had a family of fourteen children, healthy and vigorous. One son received a college education, and settled in Rockport, Indiana. The education of the other children was more limited, amounting to but eight weeks's schooling in the winter, with hard work in the summer. Captain Thomas was a man of good natural ability, and a kind neighbor; but he was like an unhewn block of granite, lacking only education and culture to have made a leading man. Several of the daughters of Cyrus Proctor settled on the hill.

Farther to the west lived Nathaniel Proctor, a mild and quiet man, and a great worker. His son Moses, was older than myself, though in school with me. He was a fine scholar and early began teaching. He became a merchant in Hollis, and afterwards in Charlestown, Mass. Later, he lived on a farm in Milford, where he died. Ira, a younger son, remained on the home farm throughout his life.

Of the large Austin family, I have known the history of Page Austin, only. He left Hollis in 1834, and settled on a farm in Oak-

ham, Mass., where he has been highly respected, and has held several prominent town offices.

Every Sabbath morning in good weather, the dwellers on Proctor Hill might have been seen passing the lane leading to my father's house. There would be from ten to twenty or more persons, women as well as men and children, on their way to church, on foot. In the early days of my remembrance there were no buggies or spring wagons on the hill. On warm days, men and boys walked with coats on their arms or with no coats at all. The distance from Nathaniel Proctor's or Mr. Austin's was no obstacle. When the Sabbath came people expected to go to church as a matter of course. Even Capt. Thomas Proctor after he had a lame knee, walked the distance. This habit was the result of the training which the community received under Pastors Emerson and Smith.

I find that the Colburn farm on Colburn Hill was purchased and became the home of Nathan Colburn, Sr., in 1781. Here he resided until 1822, managing the farm himself, until its burdens induced him to have his son Nathan re-

turn and take the farm, relieving him from care. I remember them as they were at that time. Nathan, Jr., brought to this home a wife and six children. Naturally, he at once took an interest in the school, and the children were my mates as long as Hollis was my home. Nathan Colburn, Jr., was a quiet, thoughtful man, who never aimed at display. I can see him now, standing with one eye closed, thinking deeply. His judgment was good, and his influence always for the right. Deacon Enoch Jewett Colburn was born in this home, and if ever I saw him before he became a man, it was on the 17th day of February, 1831. On that day his grandfather died, and that night I spent at the house with Amos Farley, to watch the dead, as was the custom.

It is one of the remembered items of family history, that on the next day when the venerable grandfather may be said to have stepped into the grave to pass forever from human sight, the baby grandson, Enoch Jewett, stood upon his feet and took his first step alone. So it is ordered, "One generation goeth and another cometh!" The family of Nathan Col-

burn, Jr., scattered as they grew to mature years,—one going to Tennessee, one to Ohio, one to Pennsylvania, and one, James, to the Sacramento valley, in California, where he now resides on a large farm; at least, Hollis people would think it so, for he owns and farms twenty-five hundred acres, and is one of California's financially strong men. Nathan Colburn, Jr., was gathered to his fathers in 1865, at the age of eighty years. I am glad that Deacon E. J. has "stayed by the stuff." He has remained on the old place which has been in the family one hundred and ten years. He is a man with the characteristics of those who early settled the town; a man useful in the church and the community. As he goes about with his surveyor's compass and chain he gathers into his retentive memory a valuable store of historical facts and bits of interesting information, in which he takes special delight, and which help to make him an entertaining companion. His children are leaving his home. One is in the far west, in the state of Washington; another is in the Old Bay State.

Nathan Colburn, Sr., is represented through

six generations in the line of Erie and Lucinda, and by five generations through the line of James and Enoch Jewett, children of Nathan, Jr., all within my own lifetime and remembrance.

Stephen Lund's family is the last in this district of which I shall speak. A vision rises before me of the old brown horse ploughing through the snow with the long sleigh, carrying Mr. Lund's children to school, so determined was he that they should have an opportunity for education. He had his reward. His daughters were always chosen first at spelling matches, and all his children were good scholars. Though somewhat eccentric, Mr. Lund was an upright and worthy man, with an especial scorn for anything approaching deceit. A story is told of him which illustrates his own uncompromising frankness. There came a time when he wished to secure a wife, and a mother for his children. Having selected a suitable person, he made his proposal somewhat after this style: "I am a widower, and I have nine children (just John Rogers' number). There is not a poorer house in town than mine. I am several hundred

dollars in debt. My children are as ugly and unruly as children in general. My wife will be obliged to work hard and will enjoy few luxuries. Now will you marry me?" Nothing daunted, the good lady said "Yes," and she made him an excellent wife.

XVI.

As we set out upon our wanderings to-day, let us take our position in the northwest school district, near the residence of the late Captain Bailey.

There was so much of the salt of real goodness in this part of Hollis, that, as I think of one and another who lived there seventy years ago, and of their noble, pure and unselfish lives, my unworthy pen almost shrinks from the task, delightful though it is. Here was one of the strong outposts of the church; it was here that Mr. Smith held some of his most precious meetings.

When we think of Captain Bailey, Deacon Philip Wood, Solomon Hardy and others worthy like them, it will not seem strange that the soul of young Eli Sawtelle was early fired to do good. His home was one of obscurity, his life, one of simplicity. He had been bound an apprentice to a shoemaker. At eighteen years of age, he bought his time for ninety dol-

lars, for which he gave his note, payable when he should return to Hollis, a minister. Then he went out on foot and alone, with all his worldly possessions in a bundle under his arm, and just fourteen dollars in his pocket. But the great soul within him burned with a desire for education, and with a determination to preach the gospel. He made his way through the wilderness to Tennessee, commenced his thorough course of study and worked his way through college and a theological course. Ten years later, about 1827, he returned to Hollis, Rev. Eli Sawtelle, the eloquent preacher. Among his first acts was the payment of his ninety dollar note. I well remember his sermons, so full of earnestness and pathos, and the revival that followed. He labored as an evangelist for a few years, and then settled in Kentucky. Not long after, he was called to take charge of the interests of the Seaman's Friend Society at Havre, France, where a Seaman's Chapel was built and a church was organized, of which he became pastor. The last few years of his working life were spent in Saratoga, where he organized and preached to a

Congregational Church. Then the great doctor rested a little in his old age before he was taken home to his reward. A good and strong man came out from this little Nazareth.

Nor was he the sole preacher of ability from this district. Solomon Hardy, Jr., was one; and another was Philip Wood, Jr., a noted Presbyterian minister in East Tennessee.

I acknowledge myself indebted to Mr. C. A. Wood, of Piqua, Ohio, for many of the items in this letter. He is the youngest son of the late Deacon Philip Wood, and, although he long ago made Ohio his home, has never lost his interest in his native town, where I met him in 1880.

There were in this school district fourteen families whose children used to attend school in the old house in the sand bank, near the home of good old Captain Bailey. Two of his grand-children were in the school. Ah! Captain, you little knew of the lameness that awaited you in later life, so that a plank must be laid from your door-step to the wagon, on a Sabbath morning, and that strong men must, at the meeting-house door, lift your wagon from

the fore-wheels and rest it on the church steps!

Next on the road to Milford, lived Leonard Bailey, whose three children attended school.

Beyond, lived Solomon Hardy, of "ox cart" fame. No Pharisee was more exact in his life than was this good man. His children in the school were Solomon, Page and Clarissa. On Sabbath mornings might have been seen Solomon and his family with oxen and cart, and his gentle voice might have been heard saying, "Go 'long, Buck and Berry," as he gave them softly a touch of the whip.

From the home of Mr. Baldwin, farther on, Thomas and Rebecca attended school. Other children had finished their studies there.

Next, on the Milford line, Deacon Philip Wood, whose farm comprised about two-thirds of the old town of Munson. He was an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile. I never saw much of Mr. Wood, but I remember his countenance well, and I heard him speak a few times. His face, so full of genuine goodness and benevolence, could not be forgotten. He had a family of seven sons and one daughter; all have now passed away but the two youngest,

William and Charles, who reside at Piqua, Ohio. The family of Deacon Wood has been represented in eight different states, and there are now sixty of his descendants in Piqua.

South of east, lived Captain Spaulding, an ardent Jackson Democrat, who had a big celebration on Jackson's first election in 1828, inviting all his Federal neighbors to help him rejoice. He had several children in the school. I remember well the two elder sons.

Next south was Josiah Hayden, who had a large family. His son Samuel at the age of thirty-five was one of the best specimens of manhood, both morally and physically, that Hollis has ever produced. He was one of the last tithing-men, this office being abolished in 1850. To do this family justice would take many pages, but I will simply add that the old home is now owned by Daniel W. and David N., sons of Captain Hayden. The house is in good condition; the large living room is just the same as when Susan did the spinning, and Lydia the weaving; and there, too, is the same fire-place where their mother cooked those good dinners. The Hayden Brothers, on removing the old

mill dam on Bailey Brook, which was replaced by the present stone dam, found the hemlock boughs placed there seventy-five years before, as perfect as when first covered.

South, toward Long Pond Hill, resided Captain Jonathan Taylor Wheeler, one of the first men of Hollis to advocate temperance. Captain Wheeler's father and mother resided with him and lived to a great age—the mother to over one hundred and three years. Captain Wheeler was the Vanderbilt of this district, and always had a hundred dollars to loan his poorer neighbor, taking in payment almost anything offered. Six of his children were in school. I intend to speak further of Captain Wheeler as an agriculturist in another place.

On the side hill toward the south dwelt Amos Hardy, one of the seven sons of Jesse Hardy, who had taken for his wife one of Thomas Cummings' comely daughters, and whose seven children were all sons but one. I wish I knew more of the history of these children, having known their parents so well. Mr. Hardy had two especial sources of pride: he was proud of his family, and next to them he was proud of

his fine oxen. Respecting the last his motto was, "Feed well and work well."

The first house on Willoughby Hill was that of Captain Sawtelle, who had five children in the school.

On this hill lived Oliver Willoughby, who sent three children to school.

Next south we find that Revolutionary hero, Enoch Jewett, who used to tell the boys wondrous tales of the British and Hessians. He entered the army at the age of seventeen or eighteen years, beginning army life at the battle of Bunker Hill, and continued in the service six years and seven months. At Saratoga he said he went into battle with an old shot-gun, but as the enemy retreated, he saw a dead Hessian with a fine gun lying beside him and took the opportunity to trade even with him. Then he would proudly show the very weapon.

East of Willoughby hill was Lewis Wood, who had one daughter, Mercy, and six sons.

Northeast, lived Oliver Willoughby, Jr., with a fine family well cared for. Mr. Wood tells me he had a peculiar fancy for trying to make people think he was poor, and could get more

fun out of a crowd than any man living, as he looked the picture of dejection. His six children were all in the school.

Nearly all the persons I have named might have been seen every Sabbath at church, for the forenoon and afternoon service. Where are they now? Most of them have followed their old pastor over the river.

XVII.

My recollections of the people in the Patch Corner district are quite distinct, but in occasional instances my friend, Charles A. Wood, has supplied a missing link. I feel sure that, as we stroll about this portion of the old town, tender recollections will be brought to the minds of some of the descendants of those who lived there seventy years ago. Possibly something in it may be preserved, and become history in the years to come.

Taking the right hand road at the Corner, I soon reach the home of Thaddeus Wheeler. He was then about fifty years old,—a staid, thoughtful, well-to-do farmer. There were six children in this home.

A little farther on lived Winkel Wright, a brother of Captain J. T. Wright. He had a saw and grist mill at the pond, the water of which came from a little brook running from Long Pond. In my boyhood days I often went to this pond in summer, especially on Sat-

urday afternoons, to gather the beautiful pond lilies that grew so abundantly there, and my hands were filled with these fragrant blossoms when I went to church next day. This pond was a favorite bathing place, and many came there for this purpose on Saturdays after the week's hard work. I remember how the town was shocked when the news came that Uriah Reed had sunk beneath these waters while bathing. When the body was found, the spirit had departed. He was a man past middle age, and left a wife and children.

Winkel Wright was a quiet man, more retiring than his brother. He had one daughter. He dressed in the old style, and always wore a cue. Mr. C. A. Wood writes me that his was the only cue he had ever seen, excepting on a Chinaman. Oh! Charles, Charles! you lost much by not being born sooner. You must remember you were but seventy-two years of age last month, while I saw the light seven years earlier, when cues were in the height of fashion, and every old man had one. If I had you at my own fireside, Charlie, I would tell you a story. As I may not see you soon, I will

write it out for your benefit (others not interested may pass it by without reading). Our old square pew in the church was in the north end on the center aisle, just back of the old men's long seat. Here, on Sundays, used to sit a row of the old men of the town, perhaps ten or fifteen of them, each having a cue neatly bound with ribbon hanging down his back. As I sat there in meeting (before you were born, Charlie), good Mr. Smith giving us one of his Calvinistic sermons, that I could not understand any better then than I could now, the temptation to play with those cues was a strong one. I was having a fine time jerking them as I would a bridle-rein, when one of the men turned around and looked at me with his awful eyes, and I immediately subsided and did not again play horse in meeting.

Next on the road lived Mr. Minot Wheeler, a millwright by trade, with an interesting family consisting of his wife and seven sons.

At the next house resided Mr. Daniel Farley, his wife and two daughters.

Major James Wheeler, with his wife, two sons and three daughters, lived in the last house on

this road. He was an active, vigorous man. I am told that the youngest son still lives on the place. All these families I have named were regular attendants at church.

I now return to the Corner and take the Amherst road.

The first house from the corner on the Amherst road was known as the Kendrick house. Silas French lived there seventy years ago. He became deranged and was sent to the Insane Asylum at Concord. This house has a sad history. I have no wish to go into particulars, but some of those who resided there were so bereft of reason that they were not responsible for the dreadful acts perpetrated. One committed suicide, another took the life of mother and sister; finally a fire swept the house from the earth, so that it could not longer be even a dumb witness to the deeds done within it.

The next house was William Colburn's. He left six daughters and two sons. I am told that Edward is still the owner of the house which has been in the family since the settlement of Munson. On this farm tar and turpentine were then made, hundreds of pine trees being boxed to catch the pitch exuding from them.

The excellent Christian family of John Shedd occupied the next homestead. Mr. Shedd left a wife, a daughter and a son. On his farm near his barn stood the old house once inhabited by the noted Dr. Jones, "the Major's only son." The story of the eccentric doctor is given by Judge Worcester in his History, just as I had heard it many times from the people of Hollis. Dr. Jones was an educated, bright young man, but badly shattered, he said "for love." Had he lived in these days, he would have attracted much less attention than in the quiet of the last century.

I cannot mention all the familiar names which crowd upon my memory, but certain ones scattered through the town I am unwilling to omit.

Ebenezer Baldwin was one of my old acquaintances in the Bailey school district where he was born. In 1831 he married a daughter of Captain Bailey and moved to the center of town, where he opened a jeweler's shop. He was one of those genial men whom it was ever a pleasure to meet, and a man of noble and worthy character. By nature he was gifted

with a remarkable mechanical genius. The people of Hollis honored him with various offices of trust and responsibility. All his life Ebenezer Baldwin worked at clocks and watches, until the clock of Time struck his last hour.

Prescott Hale, son of Dr. William Hale, and the only one of that large family who spent his life in Hollis, comes before my mind as he was when my teacher in the Beaver Brook school. He was highly esteemed by his fellow citizens as was shown by the town offices committed to his trust. I saw him and his estimable wife in their home, in the Deacon Emerson house, in 1850.

In Worcester's History is found a faithful sketch of the life of James Parker, Jr., but knowing him as I did, I want to add a few words. In years he was younger than myself, but older in his development. When a mere boy, I used to see him assisting his uncle, Samuel Parker, in peddling, and at his auctions on training and muster days. I used to think James would be a spoiled boy, but he did not spoil at all. I can hardly tell when he took

time for his education, for he early engaged in business. I saw him in Nashua connected with a stage line, then in Worcester as stage agent while he was in his teens. I went west and lost sight of him for a time. On my return, in 1849, I found him the gentlemanly conductor running from Springfield to Worcester. From that time I saw James Parker, Jr., nearly every year. He was a remarkable and a marked man, prompt in business, dignified yet affable. I used to have many pleasant talks with him, as I passed over the road. Mr. Parker ran his trains with promptness and caution. Trains were not run by telegraph then, but by a system of waiting a specified time at given points, after which the train had the right of way. On one occasion, when Mr. Parker had a large delegation of ministers on board, he was obliged to wait on a side track so long as to greatly annoy the divines who desired to attend the Association to be held further on. The conductor was urged to go forward, but, though some hard words were used, he still waited, standing on the ground, watch in hand, calm, dignified, and as unmoved as Grant before

Richmond. Suddenly, on came a train at full speed. Then were seen changed faces among the passengers. One said, "Let us kneel and thank God for our preservation." Mr. Parker was made the recipient of a token for his faithfulness.

Mr. Johnson and his wife, that estimable couple living on Pine Hill, were well toward the "Sunset Land" when I first knew them. I have named two of their daughters, Mrs. Patch and Mrs. Hardy. There were two sons; Noah, the elder, remained at the old home; Edward, went as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands.

Toward the south, lived Jesse Hardy and Miles Wright with their families.

Near by, was good Dea. Thomas Farley, whose son Asa was once my teacher in Beaver Brook school, and who married Sybil Holt and removed to Michigan. Thomas, Jr., had high hopes of doing good in the world, but had just graduated from college when he died.

South of Esquire Pool's were the several families of Dows, Moses Boynton, Ezekiel Bradley and Capt. Nathaniel Jewett.

At Fog End, near Capt. Flagg's, lived Mr.

Daniel Smith and family. Mr. Smith was then up to full middle life.

Bradley Colburn was young and ambitious, having high aims in life, but was cut dawn in early manhood.

The venerable John Colburn and his wife are still living, though past fourscore years.

XVIII.

It was seventy-two years ago last winter since I first knew William S. Bradbury. Having lost his father while still young, he was bound as an apprentice to Capt. Page Farley, according to the custom of the times. But before he was twenty he bought his time of his master, and by his own perseverance and industry fitted himself for teaching. It was my good fortune to be one of his pupils in the Beaver Brook school, in 1820 and 1821. The young man was not born into the most helpful surroundings, but a laudable ambition to achieve a worthy and noble manhood early inspired his heart. The time came to him as to others, when he wished to take unto himself a wife. All his aspirations were upward, and his affections followed the same course. He had fixed his eye, with modest diffidence, but with manly courage likewise, upon an estimable young lady belonging to one of the best and most aristocratic of Hollis families. The widow of the second

Daniel Emerson, as mentioned in a former letter, found it necessary, after her husband's death, to eke out her slender income by keeping a little shop—not lowering thereby her standing and dignity in the eyes of her neighbors. Her fair daughter, Eliza, was the magnet toward which the heart of young William turned. We can easily fancy that the youth discovered almost daily needs which could be satisfied only from the widow Emerson's stock of goods. Doubtless Eliza often acted as her mother's clerk, and, by lucky chance, the wooing sped apace, as the young people demurely discussed bargains across the little counter. Mothers have sharp eyes, and it could not have been long before Mrs. Emerson's suspicions were aroused. Perhaps she questioned her daughter, hoping to find her fears were groundless. "Eliza, did William Bradbury buy anything when he was in the store so long last evening?" "No, mother, but he looked at goods which he expects to need soon." "And the day before, when he leaned yet longer over the counter, what was he seeking then, my daughter?" "He bought a paper of pins,

mother, and looked at some buttons, for he had lost one from his coat." But the deepened flush on Eliza's cheeks could only have confirmed the mother's fears, and we may be sure that the day came when the widow said with emphasis, "This will not do, my daughter; William Bradbury is no fit mate for you, the child of the Rev. Daniel Emerson, descendant of a line of eminent ministers and deacons. Your mother, too, has famous blood in her veins. Esther Frothingham was proud of her name, even before it become Emerson. You know child, that your grandfather was Major Frothingham, of Charlestown, Mass., who served throughout the Revolutionary War, and then entered the honorable ranks of the Cincinnati, and who was the only man honored by a call from General Washington on his last visit to Charlestown. What has William Bradbury to offer to a maiden of such ancestry?" The spirit of her revolutionary grandfather must have blazed from Eliza's eyes as she answered proudly, "He is an honest and worthy man, mother. He has strong arms and industrious habits. His character is above reproach. His

heart is generous and noble; his judgment is good, and his mind is fairly well educated. He is quite my equal. What are my dead grandfathers to me, beside this bright, eager, living man, full of aspirations for what is best and truest in life, and longing to devote all that he has and is to me? I know that he loves me, and when he asks me, I will marry him, though I were forty times an Emerson and a Frothingham." All this is supposed to have taken place in the northeast room of the present parsonage. We may well believe that the wise mother said no more in opposition. Perhaps she found consolation as she thought of cases she had known or read, where men of distinction had risen from obscure families. No doubt she knew something of Mr. Lyman Beecher, the greatest preacher in New England at that time, who had just come to Boston with his large family of bright, little Beechers. His ancestors were only plain farmers on one of the poorest, little farms in Connecticut. I hope she recalled the story of young John Adams and Abigail Smith, and the objection of worthy Pastor Smith, of Braintree, Mass., to the marriage of his

daughter, because her suitor could not boast as eminent an ancestry as could his high-spirited Abigail. If she did remember the tale, she perhaps reflected that to stand at the head of a long line of distinguished men might be as honorable as to stand at the foot; and if John Adams was a "nobody" when he married Abigail Smith, he is known to after generations as President of the United States, and ancestor of a long and illustrious line.

It was on the 18th of October, 1824, that William S. Bradbury married Eliza Emerson, and soon after left Hollis to make a home in Westminister, Mass. They began life in a modest, quiet way, but not many years had passed before William Bradbury was known as one of the leading men of the town. In 1844 he was honored with a seat in the State Legislature. He became a recognized authority upon questions of law, was trial justice for his district, and settled many estates. For years he was an honored deacon in the Congregational church.

One of his sons, William F. Bradbury, found employment in Edward Emerson's store and

post-office in Hollis, from 1844 to 1849. He afterwards was fitted for college, and, with his brother, Edward E. Bradbury, entered Amherst in 1852. Having worked their way through college, the brothers graduated in 1856, carrying with them the highest honors of the class, William being valedictorian and Edward the salutatorian. Can you find me another like instance? Do you remember the ready and witty toast-master at the Hollis celebration in 1880? William F. Bradbury is the man. Go to Cambridge, and you will find the same talented gentleman as Head Master of the prosperous Cambridge Latin School, under the very shadow of Harvard University. Many who have no personal acquaintance with the teacher and the scholar, know him as the successful author of a long series of mathematical textbooks, and of various published articles of educational value. An ingenious piece of apparatus for illustrating the simplicity of the metric system, which is extensively used by teachers, is the fruit of his inventive genius. Mr. Bradbury has held many offices of honor and distinction in the educational world, and that

he is a man of public spirit, with interests broader than his own profession, is shown by his having served as a member of the Common Council in his city.

One daughter of William Bradbury and Eliza Emerson, Esther Caroline Bradbury, occupies a prominent position as the honored wife of the Rev. T. K. Noble, pastor of the Congregational church in Norwalk, Conn.

Her brother, Edward E. Bradbury, has spent most of his life since his graduation from college, in teaching, first at Greenfield, then at Ware, Mass. Afterwards he bought a part of the Greenleaf Female Institute in Brooklyn, N. Y. Being now in declining health, he has abandoned teaching, and is engaged in merchandise in Providence, R. I.

I have learned something of the next generation. William F. Bradbury has three children. The eldest, a son, has been graduated from Harvard College, is married, and is settled in business in Cambridge. The eldest of the two daughters is a graduate of Smith College, and had taught for several years in the Cambridge Latin School before her marriage last autumn.

The youngest daughter is still a pupil in the Latin School.

Edward E. Bradbury has also three children. The eldest, a daughter, is an artist, skilled in drawing and painting. The second is a graduate of Smith College, and a successful teacher in the High School of Washington, D. C. The youngest is a son, now in the office of the City Engineer in Providence, R. I.

I have even heard of one representative of a later generation still. It is a bright little boy, now four years old, a grandson of William. F. Bradbury. He has not yet distinguished himself before the world, but we have every reason to expect that he will do so in good time.

From this brief presentation of four generations of this interesting family, I leave it to my readers to judge whether or no the blood of the Emersons and the Frothinghams has deteriorated by its mixture with that of Bradbury.

XIX.

On the occasion of my visit to Hollis in the summer of 1890, I was obliged to spend an hour or more at the modest little depot, waiting for the conveyance in which my journey to the home of my ancestors was to be completed. A few others were already in the waiting room, and when at last our vehicle was ready, I found myself seated beside one of these—a fine looking lady of elegant bearing and much intelligence, as I had already learned from the conversation which I had overheard between herself and another of the waiting travelers. She requested our driver to leave her at the home of Mr. George H. Blood, on the south side of the town. Then, turning to me with the thoughtfulness of a true lady, she gracefully expressed her regret that I should be forced to take a longer ride on her account. This opened the way for what was, to me, a most pleasant and interesting conversation. I learned that my companion was Miss Mary A. Blood, a

member of one of the old Hollis families, and now a teacher of elocution and oratory. The gentleman with whom she had been conversing in the depot, was Professor George Saunderson, of the State University of Indiana, another of the children of Hollis of whom she has reason to feel proud.

The farm whither Miss Blood was bound is now occupied by her brother, but seventy years ago it was the home of Ebenezer Blood, a kind-hearted man, a good neighbor, and possessed of much energy of character. He was noted for his blunt and original manner of speaking, a trait noticeable in his descendants to this day. In the latter part of his life he was afflicted with blindness, a trial which he endured with exemplary patience. He was the father of ten children, only two of whom are now living. They are Dr. Josiah Blood, of Ashby, Mass., and Miss Elizabeth A. Blood, of Hollis. This farm of Ebenezer Blood is in the extreme southern part of Hollis, on a cross road which connects the two main roads running from Hollis to Pepperell. The house which was to be seen on the farm in the days of Ebenezer

Blood, has been repaired and is still in use. A son, Luke, remained at home with his parents and built the new barn after the old one was burned. Isaac, another son, bought the William Reed farm, near his father's, and married a daughter of Walter Fisk, of Pepperell. It is forty-nine years since they settled on that little farm where they reared their five children, all willing and fitted to lend a helping hand on the journey of life. The father died suddenly from an accident, about twelve years ago. Only one of the children remains in Hollis, the Geo. H. Blood mentioned above. He is a prosperous farmer, and now owns the farms of both his father and his grandfather. His brother, Chas. W., has a large farm in Lunenburg, Mass. Miss Mary A., the second daughter, studied elocution at the Emerson College of Oratory, in Boston, where she remained, as first assistant teacher, for several years. She was then called to the Iowa Agricultural College, where she spent two successful years as teacher of elocution. When I met her in Hollis she had much that was interesting to tell me of her experiences there, for I had recently closed a

pleasant term of several years' service as a trustee of the College. Miss Blood told me at that time, something of her plans for opening a school of oratory in Chicago, and it has been a pleasure to me to know of the distinguished success which has been hers in that venture. The "Columbia School of Oratory," of which Miss Blood is Principal, and Mrs. Ida M. Riley the Associate Principal, with three assistant teachers, is now to be found at 24, East Adams St., Chicago. It is thoroughly established and in a most prosperous and promising condition. The accomplished lady at the head is winning unstinted praise from all quarters, not only for her own gifts and attainments in elocution and oratory, but also, and especially, for her remarkable skill as a teacher. Several of the larger institutions and important gatherings in the different western states have called upon her for addresses and entertainments, and she is rapidly becoming known as one of the most talented women of the West. I have called her a *lady*; she is also a *woman* of dignity and power. To me, it is more to be a true *woman*, than to be merely a lady. The word has found more

and more favor in these later years, as women have taken more prominent positions before the world and have acquitted themselves with honor. During all my life in Hollis I never once heard a woman speak or pray in public. Now she may occupy pulpit and rostrum and take her full share in the public work of the world—save in politics.

Not all the *good Blood* in the family is to be found in these already mentioned. Miss Mary has a sister, Hattie M. Blood, who is at present a teacher of elocution in the Wesleyan University at Lincoln, Nebraska. She has proved herself a most successful teacher, and likewise a woman of whom her native town may well be proud.

XX.

There come to my mind the names of others, children and grand-children of the Hollis residents of seventy years ago, who are now settled in Chicago, or within a radius of two or three hundred miles from that center. Of some of these I wish to speak. In all of them I take a deep and almost fatherly interest. I love to know the history of their successes, and in all that is elevating and good in their careers, I rejoice.

Professor George William Saunderson fills the chair of Rhetoric and Oratory in the Indiana State University, at Bloomington. He will be remembered as the son of the late William P. and Hannah Marshall Saunderson. Having graduated from Dartmouth College in 1877, he fitted himself by special study for the line of work in which he is now engaged. I learn that he is an accomplished gentleman and a successful teacher.

Miss Laura Saunderson, sister of the profes-

sor, became the honored wife of the Rev. Frank B. Hines, who is now preaching in Southern Illinois. He is a talented young man, and is accomplishing much good in his ministry. I doubt not he is ably seconded and assisted by the good Hollis lady who is his helpmeet. Two little olive branches gather with them about their table, making the fourth generation from Jonathan Saunderson, the first of the line in my recollection.

Should I pass up Dearborn street, in Chicago, I should call at No. 107, there to find Edwin A. Burge, real estate dealer. His residence is at Evanston, that beautiful Chicago suburb, and his two sisters, Miss Martha and Miss Abbie, have their home with him. A brother, Charles H. Burge, is a dealer in real estate in Topeka, Kansas. All these are children of my old friend, the late Cyrus Burge.

It was in 1868 that George W. Perkins, son of worthy Deacon Perkins, who spent his last years in Hollis, led the way to the new county of Fremont, in south-western Iowa, and settled in Farragut. Land was cheap then, and the seven or eight hundred acres which George

bought, and which he has diligently improved and developed, have so advanced in value that he has no need to fear the poor-house. Mr. Perkins has been honored by his district, during the last four years, with a seat in the State Senate, where his voice and vote have been for temperance and the right, and he has now been elected one of the three Railroad Commissioners for the state. At home he is a leader in church and society, and everywhere he is a useful and popular man.

"Sam" Perkins, a nephew of Senator George, soon followed his uncle westward and bought a small tract of land near him, which he has converted by his industry into a good farm. He took unto himself a wife, and in less than twenty years he found the land too strait for him, for he was the parent of ten living children. Having disposed of his Iowa farm for about \$10,000, "Sam" started once more toward the setting sun, where land is still cheap and the population not yet too dense.

In our beautiful Hazelwood Cemetery at Grinnell, quietly rests the remains of Mrs. Mary B. Day, the honored wife of the late Rev. Pliny

B. Day, D. D., a former pastor of the Hollis church. Of her busy, useful life during her husband's pastorate in Hollis, I do not need to speak. Her good works in and for town and church, and especially her abundant labors for the suffering soldiers of our civil war, are surely well remembered there. At the death of Dr. Day, Mrs. Day, after a brief stay at Derry, N. H., removed to Grinnell. Here she naturally and quite as a matter of course, took up her accustomed kindly works of beneficence and love. But she was in failing health. "The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak." A heavy sorrow came upon her. Her eldest son, Charles, had graduated from college and from Law School. A noble and most promising young man, he was suddenly cut down by the hand of death. The stroke was too much for the enfeebled mother. Friends trembled for her lest reason should be dethroned. She was unnaturally calm; her grief was too deep for tears. Rallying somewhat, she lived for a few years, tenderly cared for by her sister, Mrs. J. B. Grinnell, and a faithful cousin, Miss Mary Lombard, whose presence is always as that of an

angel of mercy. Then the slender tie which bound the beautiful, chastened spirit to the frail body, snapped, and western friends laid the forsaken tenement of clay beside that of her beloved son. Another member of the little family has since entered the spirit land. Albert, or "Bertie" Day came west with his mother, when only two years old, and spent his childhood and early manhood in Grinnell. "He was," said Dr. Sturtevant, his pastor, who knew him well, "one of the purest minded and most noble boys I ever knew." He went back to New England for his college education, and, while a student at Dartmouth, died during a vacation, at the home of his sister, Mrs. Worcester, in Hollis. I am sure that Hollis friends watch tenderly over his early grave.

Two of the sons of Dr. Day reside in Grinnell. Henry, the elder, is one of those who heard and responded to their country's call, and served through the war of the rebellion. He has four children, now motherless. The two sons are in Grinnell, the two daughters are in Hollis.

Edward occupies the Grinnell homestead.

He has married one of the bright, interesting daughters of the land—a New England girl, by the way,—and one little son, nine months old, makes music in their home. This latest scion of a worthy house, I regard as one of my particular friends. He passes my house almost daily in his little cab, generally attended by one or both of his proud and happy parents. He tips the scales already at thirty-five pounds, and is a fine specimen of healthy and contented babyhood. On “Children’s Day” of 1892, I saw the baptismal hand placed upon the baby’s brow as he was named *Eugene Erastus*. May the mantle of good Dr. Day fall upon the child!

XXI.

Modesty must not forbid some mention of the several generations of my own family.

The religious and political disturbances in England during the seventeenth century sent multitudes of the better class of English subjects to seek refuge in the new world. George Little of London, who came in 1640, was of the number. The original home of the family in America was Newbury, Mass., where many of its representatives are still to be found, and where much of the property purchased by the first George Little still remains in the possession of his descendants. The family is now widely distributed through the country. My own grand-father came from Newbury to New Salem, N. H., and afterwards settled in Goffstown. From that town my father, Abner B. Little, came to Hollis, in 1813.

In 1836, Abner B. and Nancy Tenney Little, his wife, left Hollis for Illinois, accompanied by all their children who had not preceded

them westward. There were eleven, all told, who had enjoyed the advantages of Beaver Brook school, and sat in the old Hollis church under the ministrations of the Rev. Eli Smith and the Rev. David Perry.

They settled near Kewanee, in Henry County, and the patriarchal father of the tribe cast the first vote in the township, and turned the first sod for the first garden. Mrs. Little's name is among those of the charter members of the first church organized in the town. Both have long since gone to their reward, having well fulfilled the part of New England pioneers in subduing the wilderness and extending the borders of a Christian civilization.

Of their children, Mary, the eldest, having been twice married, died childless in 1883, at the age of 80 years. Catharine, the widow of William Wheeler, is still active at eighty-seven years of age. She gave her only son to aid in putting down the Rebellion. Elizabeth, the wife of Capt. Sullivan Howard, left us only last March (1892), to join the husband with whom more than fifty happy years had been passed, and who had preceded her to the spirit land by



Elizabeth Little Howard



Mary Howard Gridley

but a few short years. Their six surviving children are widely scattered, the eldest son being a prominent and well-to-do citizen of the state of Oregon; another son engaged in business in Aurora, Ill., and their third son a lawyer, in Denver, Colorado. The eldest daughter, Mrs. Gridley, resides in Victor, Ia., but is a frequent visitor in Chicago, where her only child, Mrs. Charles W. Kirk, has found a home. Mrs. Squires, the second daughter, is also a resident of the city of the Columbian Fair. She has one married daughter, and a son still at home. Mrs. C. W. Wells, of Minneapolis, is the youngest of the surviving children of Mrs. Howard. She is a graduate of Rockford College and a lady of many accomplishments. She has one young daughter. William, the next in order of age of the children of Abner B. Little, died in 1845, leaving four daughters.

Caleb Jewett Tenney Little, the second son, still lives in Kewanee at the age of eighty-one. He has four living sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Charles, a physician, has long resided at Manhattan, Kas., in successful practice. William, a prosperous lawyer, may be

found in the rising young city of Wichita, in the same state, while George and John, the one a physician, the other a dentist, have each a fine practice in the city of Burlington, Ia. The eldest daughter dwells on the broad acres of her husband, the Hon. Geo. W. Perkins, at Farragut, Iowa. Another daughter is the wife of Dr. J. F. Todd, of Chicago; while the youngest, Mrs. Frank Reed, is the only child who remains near her parents. One daughter, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Giffin, was called from earth early in her happy married life, leaving one child, Lida, who is now the stay and comfort of her aged grand-parents, with whom she has long made her home.

"H. G. L." dwells in Grinnell, Iowa. His wife and only son no longer walk this vale of tears, but five daughters remain, all but one residents of Iowa. One is the wife of a farmer, whose large fields lie in two states; another is the wife of a college professor, and the next, the wife of a leading lawyer. The two younger daughters married physicians, one of whom resides in Battle Creek, Mich. The grandchildren are Harry L. Viets, now in business in



Fannie Little Alvord



Harriette Gilman Folsome

Ashland, Wis., and his sister Sara, who is still in school, Katharine Haworth Macy, Henry G. Lyman, Louise and Max Barrows Alvord, and Thomas Stoddard Holyoke.

Ruth Channing Little, the widow of the Reverend Edwin H. Nevin, D. D., remains in Philadelphia, where her husband died a few years ago. Of her large family, all have found eastern homes. One son is an editor, one a lawyer, and one a minister. The eldest of the four daughters, the wife of a Chaplain in the U. S. Navy, died many years ago in California; two of the others are married, and one still remains with her mother.

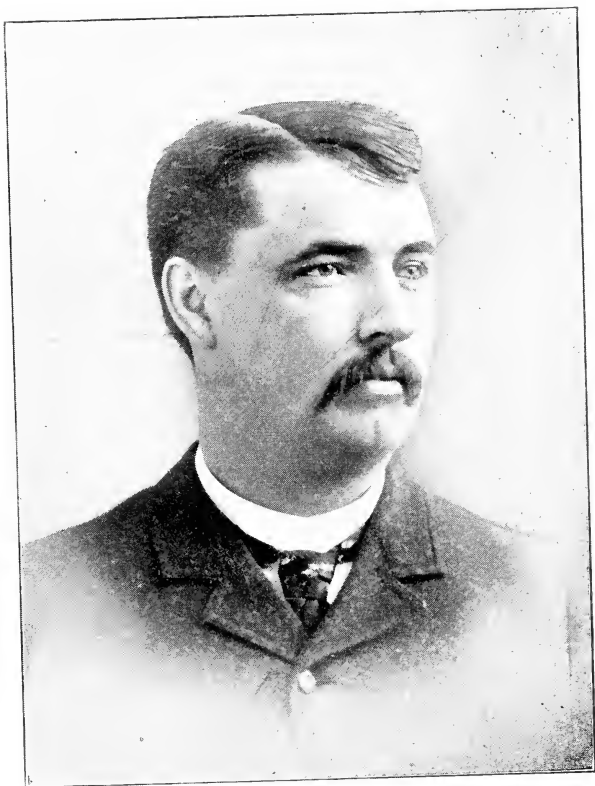
Laura Anne Little, wife of Daniel McClure, died in 1852, leaving three sons, one of whom died in the army. The others are still living.

Caroline Little, Mrs. Dr. Hurd, resides in Kewanee, Ill. Like Mrs. Wheeler, she gave her last surviving child at her country's call. "They gave their lives that the nation might live."

Augustus, youngest of the sons of Abner B. Little, may be found upon the fine farm where his parents spent their western life. He, too,

is blest with a large family. Several of the children are still at home. One son is a dentist in Kewanee; another, Walter A. Little, is a successful merchant in Grinnell, Iowa, and an active and efficient member of the City Council. One daughter is a teacher in the public school of the same place.

Sarah Frances Little, the youngest member of the Hollis family and the widow of the Rev. Mr. Alvord and of Mr. Stewart, makes her home in Duluth, Minn., with her only living child, Mrs. Wallace Warner.



W. A. Little.

XXII.

Industry and enterprise were characteristics of the men living seventy years ago in the Spaulding, or North School District. Only by the practice of those virtues could they thrive on that poor pine plain land, and many were obliged to eke out the meagre returns from the soil by turning their hands to coopering, milling or trunk-making.

I personally knew something of almost all the residents at that time, but, at my request, Mr. C. S. Spaulding has kindly given me additional items and dates which I had not at hand.

At the southwest corner of the district, on the main Milford and Amherst road, lived Ebenezer Shedd and his wife, Elizabeth Duncklee, who were married August 5, 1817. They made a happy Christian home for their four children. Mr. Shedd was a man held in high esteem. He was a faithful Sunday school teacher and a good, reliable man. Sixty-five years ago, he was captain of a state infantry company. He

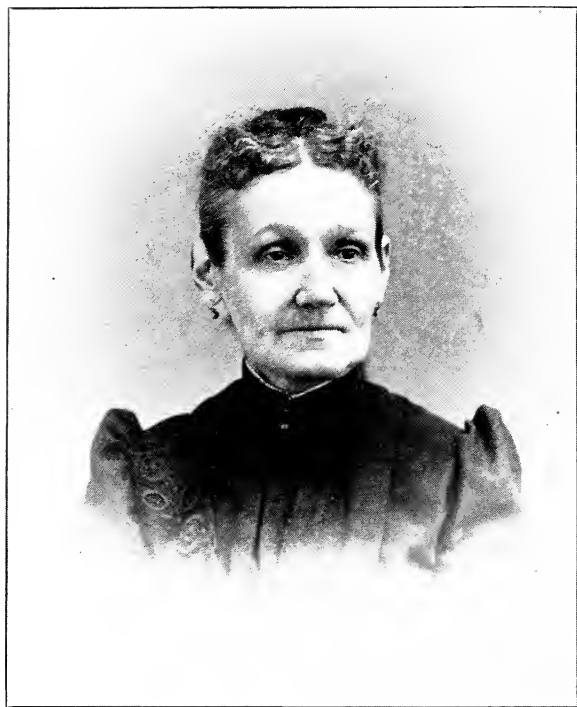
died in March, 1832, aged only thirty-six years.

His neighbor, Isaac Cobbett, owned and managed a carding and fulling mill for the support of his large family. He was extremely strict in his business matters, and was wont to start out on the first of every January, with his account book under his arm, to collect his bills. In *The Farmer's Cabinet* of Dec. 20, 1819, may be found the following: "Notice.—The subscriber desires to give notice that if those who are indebted to him (or me) do not on or before the first day of January, 1820, call and settle their bills, their accounts will be left in the hands of an attorney for collection.

ISAAC COBBETT."

The next family north, in Witch Brook, was that of Benjamin Farley, Jr. He had married Anna Merrill, and eight children were given them, the two youngest of whom died, about 1818, of the spotted fever which raged along the Witch Brook valley. Mr. Farley's reputation for industry, and especially for early rising, was such that his neighbors used to accuse him of sitting up all night at his work.

The six surviving children of Benjamin Far-



SARAH FARLEY RUNNELLS.

ley all married and lived in or near Hollis, several being prominent in town and church affairs.

This was also the home of the son, Enoch Farley, who married Abigail Hardy and settled here about 1822. Of the eight children born to them only four survived their infancy.

Mr. Farley was a genial man and noted for his fondness for a joke. He had an excellent memory, was a great reader, especially of the Bible, with which he was quite familiar, and was fond of discussing theology with his friends and particularly with the Rev. Humphrey Moore, who was his pastor for many years, and who often confessed himself puzzled for a reply to Mr. Farley's arguments.

One of Enoch Farley's daughters, Mrs. Sarah Farley Runnells, of Nashua, has long been known among the leading women of New Hampshire. She has been identified with various public and private charities, and has kept abreast with the times in all matters of social, literary and educational interest. At the present time she holds the state office of the Woman's Relief Corps, and has recently organized a Corps at Hollis. She has two daughters, edu-

cated at Wellesley, and one son, a graduate of Dartmouth.

William Kittredge, better known as "Uncle Bill," occupied the next homestead. His wife was Mary Spaulding, whom he married in 1796. It is said that he went bare-footed to his courting, and wearing his leather apron. Of his seven children, only two lived to grow up.

Near by, lived Hezekiah Kendall, of Kendall mills celebrity. He was three times married, and had six children. One of his sons served in the war of 1812. Mr. Kendall was a man of weight in more senses than one. It was a question between him and our shoemaker, Mr. Avery, as to which could tip the scales to the highest notch. The weight of his influence was especially felt in town meeting. Being a man of positive character and good judgment, his fellow-citizens always listened with deference to the expression of his opinion. Bringing down his right hand with a sharp snap of the thumb, which could be heard all over the old meeting house (where town meeting was always held), he would commence his speech with the characteristic expletive, "I vum!" An.

extract from his speech made on a certain occasion, when the matter under consideration was the repair of Runnells bridge, has been sent me. "I vum," he began, "you are foreverlastingly quarreling over that Runnells bridge. You say the present is stronger than the old one, and you had to take powder to blow the old one out of the way. I wish the whole thing was sunk in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean!" Mr. Kendall came to a tragic end; he was killed in 1833, by Rufus Orcutt, whom he had "dunned" for rent due, Orcutt being, according to the old-fashioned phrase, "in liquor" at the time.

Asaph Spaulding was born August 2, 1782, on the place next northeast of Kendall's and where he spent his life. He was the grandfather of my correspondent, Mr. Charles S. Spaulding. Eight children were born to him and his wife, Abiah Bowers. Mr. Spaulding was a shrewd and a successful farmer, but his income was increased by the manufacture of rum barrels and hogsheads, for, like most Hollis farmers, he had learned a trade at which he worked in the intervals of farm labor. He was

also noted for his success in catching wild pigeons, and he had the first artificial fish pond in the region. On that poor pine plain he sometimes raised as many as one hundred bushels of rye.

Next on the road was Leonard Combs, a trunk-maker. He married Lucinda Duncklee, but they had no children.

Further on, stood the home of Mr. Benjamin Rogers and his wife, Lydia Sargent, with their four children. Mr. Rogers also manufactured trunks, which he covered with horse-hides with the hair on.

Amos Fletcher occupied the next house. He married Abigail Towns. There were several of their children in school. Mr. Fletcher's farm has been in his family from the first settlement of the town.

Captain Isaac Parker was Mr. Fletcher's near neighbor. He was an extensive farmer, and succeeded in getting large returns for his labor even from that poor soil. At one time during the War of 1812 he sold two hundred bushels of rye for two dollars and a quarter a bushel. The fine shining carriage in which he drove to meet-

ing quite eclipsed all the other vehicles in town. He was a prosperous and influential man throughout his life. He had three children in school. His son John came to the center of town and captured Mary Ann Gould, one of the fairest of the daughters of Hollis.

We come next to the home of Jeremiah K. Needham, a busy, hard-working man, who liked to see those around him busy also. He made more than the usual number of matrimonial ventures, marrying Olive Parks for his first wife, a Miss Whitney for his second, Mary Swallow for the third, and Widow Carlton, of Amherst, for the fourth. I have a list of the names of his ten children, but will not ask for space to insert it.

South of the school-house, on the road over what is now known as Moor's Hill, is the Dr. Jones or Zachariah Ober place, occupied for many years by Mr. John Sargent, who had two children in school.

Gardner Moor lived next beyond, at the Jonathan Foster place. His wife was a daughter of Solomon Hardy. They had one son.

Near Gardner Moor's place and in the same

district lived his brother John, who married Rebecca Abbott. They had four sons and one daughter.

Nearly all these families named were regular attendants at the Hollis Church until the little church was organized at Hardscrabble, about 1828. This unmusical name was given the new church by Mr. J. B. Holt, landlord at the lower tavern, who offered to make a contribution to the building on condition that he give a name to the place also. Hardscrabble it remained until the opening of the Wilton railroad, when the name was changed to South Merrimac.

XXIII.

Thomas Cummings, who dwelt a little north of the center of town, was in many respects a typical New England man. Though thoroughly "matter-of-fact" in disposition, he had also a strong religious bent. There was no mirthfulness in his composition, but there was nothing austere or repelling. To his earnest goodness, life seemed too serious and sacred for anything but active duty. Few men have ever made a stronger impression upon my mind, of genuine goodness and integrity. His stout, rather large, though not tall figure always seemed to me *good all over*. He followed the trade of shoemaking, but was also a small farmer, and for some years acted as sexton. He might usually be found at his shop, which stood east of his residence on the main road. The name I have given above was, no doubt, that by which the shoemaker was designated in the family Bible, and upon the church roll and in the town records; but throughout the town he was familiarly

known as "Uncle Tom Thumper." I don't think there was anything of derision in the title; it was, in fact, a tribute to the faithful, honest work turned out from his little shop. The boots and shoes which he made were of the most substantial kind, not at all like the delicate, fancy article with paper soles and fragile uppers, fit only for ball room use; and if "Uncle Tom Thumper" told you the leather was oak tanned, you might be sure it *was* oak tanned. The wife and mother who presided over his home, was among the best in Hollis. The children were numerous, well trained, and an honor to their parents. John Bunyan gives his pilgrims, travelling from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, names indicative of their characters, as Mr. Greatheart, Valiant for Truth, Timid, Mercy, Much Afraid, etc. I think if Thomas Cummings had been in the company, he would have called him "Thomas the Faithful and True."

Mr. Cummings' near neighbor on the north, was Mr. Benjamin Messer, a good man, active and diligent in business, which was that of a carpenter. His wife was a sister of Nathan

Holt. Their son, B. Edmund Messer, was but little older than myself, and my intimacy with him made me a familiar visitor at his father's house. He was a bright boy, with qualities of leadership among the other boys and his popularity did not depart as he grew to manhood. Early in the history of that city, he lived in Minneapolis where he held the office of sheriff. He may now be found in the District of Columbia, well endowed with this world's goods, but still teaching singing, although nearly eighty years old.

I have spoken of Deacon Hardy, who lived near Mr. Messer. His wife was a sister of Mr. Lund. Their children, I think, left Hollis in their early maturity.

Ethan Willoughby was a carpenter and cabinet maker. I well remember his four boys. Noah died about 1830.

Coolidge Wheat was a marble-cutter living in the next house on the north, who made grave-stones for his fellow citizens. In spite of his rather melancholy occupation he had a taste for lighter things, as was shown by the dash of horse-jockey in his composition.

Next beyond, in the days of my early recollection, was the home of John Boynton, whose wife was my aunt, a sister of R. E. Tenney. After his removal to Westford, Mass., I think the house was occupied by Luther Hardy, who married Hannah Sawtell.

At the head of Long Pond lived Phineas Hardy, honored as one of the soldiers of '76. He had many children; among them Dr. Noah Hardy was well known. Louis, another son, an active man and the owner of the old home, died very suddenly there about 1830. Afterward Moses Wood, who had married Phineas Hardy's daughter, Submit, resided there.

James Farley dwelt at the foot of Long Pond Hill. I am told by Mr. C. A. Wood, of Piqua, Ohio, that he was an inventive genius and made valuable machines, which are still in use, for the finishing of staves and barrels.

Passing the home of Thomas Patch, Jr., we come next to that of Captain Jonathan Taylor Wright. To him I should be inclined to devote an entire letter, were he not well remembered by many yet in Hollis. But even if I were to do so, I could not mention all his vir-

tues. What was it that made him a man trusted and honored by all? He was not brilliant nor learned, for his education was only that of the common school. He lacked both culture and polish, and there was nothing unusually attractive in his personal appearance. He was something of a musician, and very fond of singing, but he had not a full, mellow, highly cultivated voice; in fact, there was in it something of the proverbial Yankee nasal twang. But none of these defects could disguise the true simplicity, honesty, and sincerity of character, which made the man what he was, commanded the confidence and respect of all who knew him, and brought him forward often to fill places of responsibility and honor in the town and in the State Legislature. I remember that at one time he owned a fine bay horse worth, at least, a hundred and twenty-five dollars. A man was talking of buying the horse, and I heard Mr. Wright say, "I have some reason to fear that my horse is diseased, and with that fully understood I would take twenty-five dollars for him." The purchaser took the horse at that price, and, having cured him of a little cold, found he had

a sound and very valuable animal. When John Woods was lost at sea, the heirs (one of whom was Mrs. James Parker) sent Captain Wright to New Bedford to settle the estate; not that he was the most skilled and competent of men for such business, but because they knew that the work would be done by him with the strictest honesty. Mr. C. A. Wood writes me, "No truer man ever lived in Hollis than Captain Wright." When I married and began business for myself, he said to me, "Take my advice and always be honest." Had Captain Wright been in John Bunyan's company, I think he would have dropped his title and part of his name and called him simply "Wright Honest."

Mr. Thomas Patch lived in the house north of Capt. Wright's. I used to pity the old gentleman when I saw him teaming to and from Boston, carrying loads of barrels, after his legs were broken and he had become prematurely lame. In the same house lived Richard Patch, a stirring business man.

Taylor Merrill, a school teacher, occupied the next dwelling, and Varnum Wheeler resided there later.

At the corner beyond, Joseph Patch was al-

ways to be found in his store, during all my Hollis life. What a good, quiet, honest man he was. He had taken to wife a Miss Johnson, from Pine Hill.

James Parker was a good blacksmith, located at the corner, where he served the people in the north part of Hollis acceptably till his strong arm was forced to succumb to old age.

I have been just a little criticised for my failure to confer the titles of honor properly belonging to them, upon some of those mentioned in my letters. It has not been from any lack of respect, but I confess, I like directness and simplicity in speaking to and of friends, and I might quote the distinguished example of some in the highest positions. Let me give one incident. Abraham Lincoln and Richard Yates had long practiced law together and were familiar friends. Later, when one was President of the United States, and the other Governor of Illinois, and our civil war was wringing the hearts of the nation, the Governor telegraphed to the President, "Abe, you must go faster!" Back over the wires across the continent flashed the reply, "Hold on, Dick, and see the salvation of God."

XXIV.

The Hillsborough County Fair was an institution of importance seventy years ago. The annual Fairs at Amherst were occasions of deep interest to the inhabitants of the county, and the people of Hollis were not behind others in enthusiasm. In the eyes of the small boys, the attractions of the Fair rivalled those of the annual "Muster," and for both their pennies were carefully hoarded to be laid out in gingerbread and other joys of childhood, on those two happy days.

The farmers of Hollis took a commendable interest in exhibiting their stock and the products of their farms. I should say that in those early days Captain Jonathan Taylor Wheeler was the most prominent among Hollis exhibitors and took the most pride in his careful system of farming and the raising of fine animals for the annual show. I used to think he rode the most beautiful horse I had ever seen—a handsome dapple gray, always fat and well

groomed. I understand now better than I did then, why all his stock looked so much better than those of most of his neighbors. He was always gentle and kind with all his animals, and took special pride in their fine appearance. All were bountifully fed and well cared for. His oxen were generally closely matched, and trained with exactness to the word. The whole farm showed its owner's careful and intelligent care and the good judgment which guided all details. When this farm was entered with others at the Hillsborough County Fair, for premium, it was a source of pride not only to the owner but also to Hollis people in general, to hear the announcement from the judges' stand on the Fair Grounds, that the first premium for the best managed farm in Hillsborough county, was awarded to Captain Jonathan T. Wheeler. I once, when a boy, made a visit to this farm, of which I had heard so much, and greatly admired what I saw. There were strong, high fences about the barns and yards. The horses and colts, pigs, sheep, cows and oxen were all of the best sorts and in the best condition. Tied up in the barn was that beautiful, great, red

bull, which, I was told, had once playfully tossed his owner into the watering-trough, when Captain Wheeler led his pet beauty out to drink. Gates and bars and all other farm conveniences were in the best of order.

If Hollis farmers prided themselves upon one thing more than another, it was upon their oxen. I used to listen with interest to much conversation respecting those useful beasts. The first question asked would be, "How much do they girth?" Six feet girth was small; seven feet, large. But the training the oxen received was to me marvellous, and the strength shown by the enormous loads they drew, prodigious. It was of great interest to watch the contest between the oxen shown at the fair, as they tugged at the heavily loaded drag or stone-boat, in the test of strength. Among the officers of the fair were Captain Wheeler, Samuel Hayden and other Hollis men, wearing the badges of distinction; and perhaps no town in the county was better represented on the ground than Hollis. There were many to wish Hollis oxen should win. Mr. C. A. Wood tells me that a yoke of oxen owned by a man named

Sweet, of Bedford, took the first premium at the drag-pull, to the downfall of Hollis hopes. But, lo and behold! it came out that the winners were purchased only the previous spring of Deacon Philip Wood. So Hollis continued to plume herself upon her oxen; and I may add that, in respect to the display in other departments, she was not wont to be behind.

Nothing at the fair drew more general attention than the annual plowing match. One year the contest was between our townsman, Captain Wheeler, and a man whose name I cannot give. L. P. Hubbard, Esq., thus describes the match: "The plowing match was arranged for the afternoon. Two plots of ground were staked off exactly of a size. At the appointed hour the two contestants were seen approaching the grounds laid out. Captain Wheeler, of Hollis, as calm as though he was about to plow his cornfield at home, holding his plow and driving his oxen, was soon in position. The name of his competitor I do not remember, but I think he was a Milford man. He evidently understood his business; he took his position with a driver. All were now on tiptoe for the signal from the

officers to start. We did not have to wait long. Never had I seen furrows turned so rapidly, evenly and beautifully. The contest was a spirited one, but our townsman won the prize, and Hollis shared the honor."

Besides the legitimate exhibitions there were the usual side-shows. I have a letter from Deacon E. J. Colburn, a gentleman who, I venture to say, never forgets anything; at least I have found him to be a veritable walking encyclopedia, full of entertaining and valuable information. The letter referred to tells of the exhibition, on one occasion at the Fair, of a bully and a coward:

"I have a very vivid recollection of hearing my father relate what occurred at Amherst, at one of the County Fairs. Father was in company with a Mr. Ames (Burpee, I think), who was a man considerably advanced in life, rather a small-sized man, but very well kept. While engaged in looking articles over, a large, burly-looking man, about thirty years of age, with a large whip in his hand, came up and addressed Mr. Ames, asking if he was not Mr. Ames of Hollis. To which Mr. Ames replied that he

was, when the man asked if he did not recognize him. Mr. Ames very affably replied that he did not. The man then inquired if he did not keep school one winter about fifteen years before, and if he did not remember giving a certain boy a good licking. Whereupon Mr. Ames replied that he did not recall the event, but had no doubt he was correct, as it was his custom to whip his boys when he thought they needed it. The young man then said he had always remembered it, and had promised himself that if ever he got big enough and had an opportunity, he would *thrash* him. Now he had such a chance, and he was going to do it, then and there. Mr. Ames looked him in the eye and said calmly and pleasantly, 'Are you in earnest? Do you mean it?' The reply was, 'Yes, you will find out I mean it.' In an instant, Mr. Ames threw off his hat, coat and vest, and rolled up his shirt-sleeves; but before he had got ready, the young man sneaked away and was lost in the crowd." Mr. Burpee Ames must have been at that time, I think, well on toward seventy. Many will remember him as one of our respected citizens. He was

the father of William Ames, Esq., and grandfather to Captain M. Nathan Ames. In those days the rod and the ferule were much more freely applied in school than at present, and it was not uncommon to hear a rude, ignorant boy of low instincts, mutter after a good thrashing in school, "I'll lick that master if ever I am big enough." Since Deacon Colburn's tale led us to this subject, I will venture to relate another story, similar to his, although it has no connection with the Hillsborough County Fair.

Elderly people in Hollis and Brookline will never forget the Rev. Mr. Hill, who preached so many years in Mason. Though he was a man of small stature, he was great in ability, and was wont to preach the longest sermons of any minister in the region. We used to hear him from the Hollis pulpit, for Mr. Smith exchanged with him regularly once a year. Soon after his settlement at Mason, a man of the "Bully Brooks" order of humanity (my older readers will recognize this as the designation applied to a certain Southern coward, who struck down Charles Sumner in the Senate Chamber) met him and said abruptly, "Do

you remember licking me once in school?" "I do," was the reply. "It was because I thought it for your good." "Well," said the bully, "I said then I would lick you when I was big enough, and I can do it now." In vain the good pastor protested his good intentions. Finally, seeing kind words were of no avail, the Reverend gentleman resorted to stronger arguments, and turning suddenly upon his assailant, with one well-directed blow, laid him low in the dust, where he held him till he had secured all the promises he required. And all the people said, "Amen!"

XXV.

My interesting neighbor, the Reverend T. G. Brainerd, of whom I have already spoken, was graduated from Yale College in 1830. He has told me of his admiration for the shrewdness and practical wisdom with which President Day was accustomed to judge the young men who came to him as strangers. Of some of them he would say, "O, they are second generation men." "And what do you mean by that, Mr. President?" he would be asked. "I mean just this," the wise old man would reply; "they are men whose fathers have become suddenly rich, and I expect but little of them. I have observed that it is the general rule among those families to whom riches come suddenly, that the course from poverty to wealth and back to poverty again, takes but three generations. Of the first and third you may make men. For the unfortunate second generation there is little hope." This remark has been brought to my mind more than once, as I have reviewed the

history of the families of Hollis. The poor soil upon which the town was placed gave returns only to persistent and faithful industry. No great natural advantages of any sort existed whereby it was possible to acquire sudden riches. The high ambition prevalent among Hollis families from the beginning, to secure for their children the best of moral and educational advantages, could be gratified only by means of close economy and stern self-denial. There could not be, there never had been, any of President Day's "second generation men." Possibly some of the good people of Hollis may sometimes have suffered the heartache of discouragement and disappointment. They may sometimes have been tempted to envy the more prosperous dwellers in the new towns of Lowell, Nashua, Manchester and Lawrence, as they watched those settlements grow swiftly into cities, while many a poor man found himself possessed of sudden wealth, and all within the space of my own lifetime. If such there were, I think their troubled hearts might have been set at rest, could they have had vouchsafed them the sweeping glance of supernatural

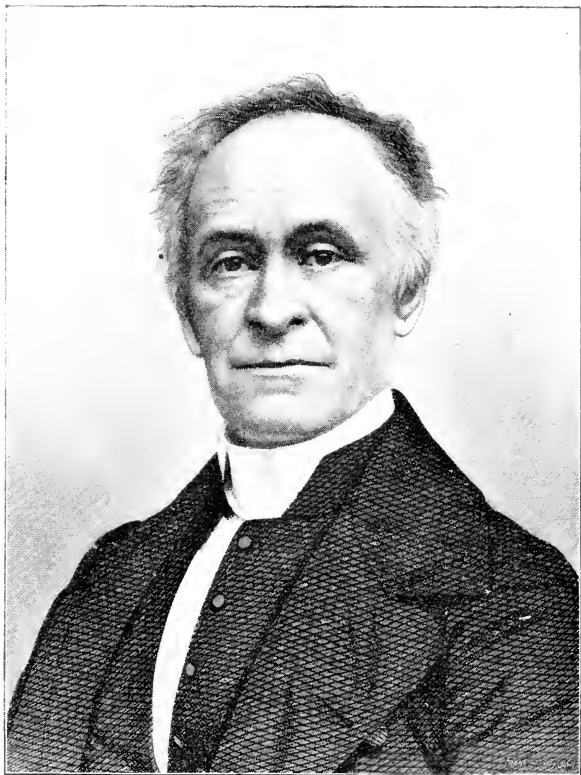
vision, backward and forward over the hundred and fifty years of the work of Hollis men and women. Could they have realized in their days of trial, the blessings which would flow forth like a perennial stream, from that obscure New Hampshire village, to refresh and beautify and bless the world, they might, indeed, have been quite content to go on raising only men and women, unenvious of others who set cotton mills to spinning, or gathered mighty crops of golden grain into their bursting barns. I know no village with a prouder record, judged in the light of eternity. "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Who can count the numbers who have gone forth from Hollis during that hundred and fifty years, armed and equipped for the world's great battle with evil? Could the recording angel show to us a list of their names—the earnest ministers of God, scattered from end to end of this great country, the good men and strong, to be found in all the professions and in every sort of business, the true and noble women, leading the van in all movements for progress and reform, the multitudes of active, devoted disciples

of the Master, living their quiet, faithful lives and making the world daily better for their living,—I think we should stand confounded at the splendid harvest from that sterile Hollis soil.

This line of thought has, perhaps, been already amply illustrated in preceding letters, but I wish to give one more example. There was a certain little boy born in Hollis some twenty years before myself. Let us follow him and his children, and see something of what that single family has done in and for the world.

Ralph was the name of the boy, and he came of good Puritan stock through both parents. From those older than myself I have learned that his early days were passed much like those of many another New England boy. He assisted his good father and mother with the farm and home work, played upon the village common, and made one of the studious pupils of the Center school. Having fitted for college, he entered Yale and was graduated with the highest honors, in 1811, at the age of twenty-four. After two years of teaching in the college and a course of theological study, there

followed thirteen years of pastoral work at Norfolk, Conn., whence he was called to fill the chair of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass. During the quarter of a century of his distinguished labors in the Seminary he was also a welcome contributor to various theological periodicals, and the author of several valuable works. Two of his nephews, Willis and Edwards Hall, had also the good fortune to be fitted for college by their eminent relative during this portion of his career. They both became distinguished men in New York City. Professor Emerson—for it is hardly meet that I should longer presume to use his boyish name in speaking of the honored and venerable Doctor of Divinity—resigned his position in the Seminary in 1854, though nine ripe years of his long and useful life remained. When at last the summons came, it was from Rockford, Ill., that he went to Heaven. The good wife with whom he had passed so many happy years, was Eliza Rockwell, of Colebrook, Conn. Her family was said to have the happy gift of being “proud but not lofty.” All of



Ralph Emerson

their nine children grew to manhood and womanhood, and seven yet live. I think I may say that all have proved talented men or women and possessed of far more than ordinary powers of usefulness.

What a group of noble children that must have been, gathered in that blessed Christian home! Let us fancy them clustered round their happy parents in their Andover home, while we name them over and briefly indicate their life-work.

Daniel followed his father into the ministry, and now lives in advanced years and feeble health, in North Kingsville, Ohio.

Mary became the wife of Professor Joseph Haven, of Amherst College, and removed with him to Chicago when he accepted a position in the Theological Seminary there. She is now a widow with four surviving children. She is described as "a woman of influence, engaged in every good work."

We, in the west, are familiar with the name of Professor Joseph Emerson, the second of Dr. Ralph Emerson's sons, who has been for many years professor of Greek in Beloit Col-

lege. He is a graduate of Yale and Andover, and was for a time tutor at Yale. He has two children, and there are also in his family two of the fourth generation of the descendants of the good Hollis deacon, Daniel Emerson.

Rockwell, also a graduate of Yale College, became a lawyer in New York City, and died there, leaving five children.

Samuel resides in Virginia. Like so many of the family, he is a graduate of Yale and Andover. He is yet unmarried.

Ralph is a well known manufacturer of Rockford, Ill., noted not only for business energy, but for large-hearted benevolence as well. His three sons have all been taken from him. Five daughters remain, nearly all of whom have been graduated from Wellesley College.

Porter is the only other one of Dr. Ralph Emerson's nine children whose earthly life has closed. His death took place recently in Rockford.

Elizabeth is the wife of Rev. S. J. Humphrey, D. D., Secretary A. B. C. F. M., and resides in Oak Park, Ill. She has a large measure of the family talent for literary and benevolent work,

and her facile pen does valuable work for missionary and other worthy causes.

Rev. William B. Brown, D. D., of East Orange, N. J., has married the last of Doctor Emerson's daughters and the youngest of his children. Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown is one of the leading women of the country. A graduate of Abbott Seminary at Andover, she has been ever since her school days a persistent and diligent student. Many years of travel and residence at different times in foreign lands have made her a fluent speaker and writer in many tongues, including modern Greek acquired during a long stay in Athens. Not satisfied with the high degree of literary culture which she had attained, on coming to reside in Rockford she soon secured a thorough business education also, at one of the best Chicago business colleges; and to make her new knowledge practical, she entered the business house of her brother Ralph, as his private secretary. She was for a time teacher of modern languages in Rockford College, but on her marriage, about twelve years ago, removed to the East, where her busy intellectual life continues.

Mrs. Brown has been president of many literary clubs, and has now served for some years as president of the "General Federation of Woman's Literary Clubs," whose biennial meeting in Chicago last spring was a gathering of a large number of the brightest and most notable women of the land, including also some from foreign countries.

Of the third generation of this remarkable family there is something to be said, notwithstanding the youth of most of its members. Ralph Wilcox, son of Rev. Daniel Emerson, is one of the most promising young men in Rockford, Ill. Dr. Joseph Haven, an eminent physician in Chicago, is the son of Mrs. Mary Emerson Haven. Miss Clara Emerson, daughter of Prof. Joseph Emerson, took high honors in Greek at Wellesley College. Mrs. Adeline Emerson Thompson, a Wellesley graduate in 1880, and a daughter of Ralph Emerson, of Rockford, should receive special mention as the president of that most modern, most progressive and most promising benevolent enterprise, "The College Settlement Society of America." She is also president of the New



Charlotte Emerson Brown.

York Branch of Collegiate Alumnae. All these are noble and worthy descendants of the little Hollis boy, Ralph Emerson, whose parents early trained his feet to walk in the right way.

And now I am about to lay down my pen. I have arrived at a point where I can sympathize with a certain writer who was the author of a work upon "The Beauties of the Psalms." At the close of the volume he says, "No one of these delightful poems has given me the least uneasiness except the last. That has grieved me because it has made me realize that my work was done." I began this series of letters without any very definite plan, but certainly with no thought of making it so extended. The pleasant task of reviewing the history of my early home and refreshing my memories of the noble men and women who have dwelt there, and through whom such wide-spread influences for good have gone forth to bless the world, has led me on, till, to my surprise, I find that my closing letter bears a date nearly two years later than that of my first.

Whether those beneficent influences shall

continue to flow forth from future generations of the descendants of Hollis families, depends upon whether or not they adhere to the principles of their ancestors.

As one of the children of Hollis, now old and white-headed, I would that I might gather all her children within sound of my voice, while I might most solemnly speak to them, as my parting words, some of the last of the words of David the King, to Solomon his son, and to the people whom he was to rule no longer:

"Now therefore in the sight of all Israel, the congregation of the Lord, and in the audience of our God, keep and seek for all the commandments of the Lord your God; that ye may possess this good land, and leave it for an inheritance for your children after you forever. And thou Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind, for the Lord searcheth all hearts and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off forever."

APPENDIX.

From the Congregational Church of Hollis.

The Congregational Church of Hollis, N. H., convened in its annual meeting and reunion, December 31, 1891, adopted the following:

Resolved, That the thanks of this church be presented Deacon Henry G. Little, of Grinnell, Iowa (a native of this town), for the interesting letters he has so kindly furnished the *Hollis Times* during the last year, entitled "Recollections of Seventy Years Ago," and that a minute of this resolution be entered upon the records, and a copy forwarded to Deacon Little, attested by the pastor and clerk.

Attest:—A true copy.

SAMUEL L. GEROULD, Pastor.

ELLEN H. LOVEJOY, Clerk.

From L. P. Hubbard, Esq.

NEW YORK, June 25, 1894.

HON. HENRY G. LITTLE:

Esteemed Friend:—I have long cherished the hope that I should live to see your series of letters, "Hollis, Seventy Years Ago," which appeared in the *Hollis Times* about two years since, published in a more permanent

form. The letters abound in historical facts not to be found elsewhere, and a moral tone pervades them that will promote their usefulness.

Very Truly Yours,

LUTHER PRESCOTT HUBBARD.

From Rev. S. L. Gerould.

HOLLIS, N. H., Sept. 3, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. LITTLE:

Some months ago you contributed to the columns of our local newspaper a series of letters, giving your recollections of the people of this place a half-century and more ago. I have many times wished that these could be put into a more permanent form, so that they could be preserved for future use. The historian of this town, in these letters, would find much light thrown upon the manners and customs of the early inhabitants of the place, as well as upon the people, that could be found nowhere else. May I, therefore, ask that, if you can see your way to do it, you will have them printed in some form that will enable us to preserve them for the future.

Sincerely Yours,

S. L. GEROULD,

Pastor Congregational Church.

From Mr. Daniel Hayden.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HOLLIS TIMES:

I desire to publicly thank "H. G. L." for his interesting letters, giving reminiscences of Hollis seventy

years ago. I readily recall and remember all of the persons mentioned. I was privileged to drive the oxen belonging to Captain J. T. Wheeler, which have been mentioned. Although a few years older than "H. G. L.," I still take a deep interest in old Hollis, the place of my nativity, as I remember it seventy years ago.

Very Respectfully Yours,

DANIEL HAYDEN.

Marlborough, Massachusetts.

[Born June 28, 1809; the only survivor of the nine children of the late Josiah and Mary (Patch) Hayden.]

From Miss L. E. Worcester.

I am very glad to know the Letters are to be published, and await the appearance of the little volume with pleasure.

L. E. WORCESTER.

Hollis, 8—12, 1894.

From Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown.

I read the "Recollections" that were forwarded to me with much interest, and feel sure that the Hollis people and their descendants would be very glad to have copies of them in permanent form. * * * The idea is well conceived and well executed as to style and thought, and will be useful in book form, not only at the present time, but for the filling out of history in later generations.

Yours Very Truly,

CHARLOTTE EMERSON BROWN.

East Orange, N. J.

From Professor William F. Bradbury.

Head Master Cambridge Latin School.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Aug. 31, 1894.

HON. H. G. LITTLE:

My Dear Sir:—I have heard a suggestion that you might be induced to put into book-form your reminiscences of the good old town of Hollis (N. H.). I hope most earnestly that you will do so. It is too bad not to keep the memories of our fathers and mothers green. I shall be delighted to see the work done.

Truly Yours,

W. F. BRADBURY.

From Benj. Edmund Messer, Esq.

ANACOSTIA, D. C., August 30, 1894.

HON. HENRY G. LITTLE:

Dear Sir:—I had the pleasure of reading several of your series of letters published in the Hollis paper a few years ago. They were a graphic recital of scenes and events which occurred in that beautiful inland town seventy years ago. Those letters were interesting in themselves, deeply so to the few survivors, and would be to their children and their children's children, down to generations unborn.

I hope you may put them into book form and thus preserve that large amount of matter, historic and biographical, which you have embodied in those letters. I was twelve years old at the point where you commence your letters. I knew all the old people in Hollis at that time.

That generation has long since passed away, and the fifth is now upon the stage. I know whereof you write in many of the scenes depicted. I had forgotten many until you unrolled the panorama and gave me a review of those happy days in the springtime of life when hope edges with gold our fond anticipations.

Wishing you abundant success in the enterprise should you enter upon it, I remain—as in childhood, so in old age,

Your Friend,

B. E. MESSER.

Index of Persons.

	PAGE	BALDWIN—	
ADAMS—		Mr.,	148
Abigail Smith,	165, 166	Ebenezer,	157, 158
Pres. John	70, 165	Rebecca,	148
William,	92	Thomas,	148
ABBOTT—		BANCROFT—Mrs. Farley,	122
Abial,	40	BEECHER—Lyman,	165
Benjamin,	40	BLOOD—	
ALVORD—		Ebenezer,	171
Louise,	185	Elizabeth A.,	171
Max Barrows,	185	George H.,	170, 172
AMES—		Hattie M.,	174
Burpee,	109, 206, 207	Dr. Josiah,	171
M. Nathan,	208	Mary A.,	170, 172, 173, 174
Sarah,	125	BOUTWELL—	
William,	89, 125, 208	George S.,	42
AUSTIN—		Mrs. Sarah Thayer,	42
Benjamin,	41	BOYLSTON—Richard,	117
Christopher,	41, 42	BOYNTON—	
Daniel,	41	John,	198
Jefferson,	41	Moses,	160
Luther,	41	Mrs. Sarah Tenney,	79, 198
Mr.,	40, 140	BRADLEY—Ezekiel,	160
Mary,	41	BRAINERD—	
Noah,	41	Rev. T. G.,	78, 210
Page,	41, 139, 140	BRADBURY—	
Stephen,	41	Edward E.,	167, 168, 169
AVERY—Mr.,	106, 190	Mrs. Eliza Emerson,	163, 164, 166, 168
BAILEY—		Esther C.,	168
Captain,	145, 147, 157	William F.,	166, 167, 168, 169
Leonard,	148	William S.,	162, 163, 164, 166, 168

	PAGE		PAGE
BROOKS—Mary Ann,	39	Moses,	41
BROWN—		Nathan, Jr.,	141, 143
Mrs. Charlotte Emerson,		Nathan, Sr.,	140, 142
217, 218		Robert,	93
Rev. William B.,	217	William,	156
W. G.,	40	COMBS—	
BURGE—		Leonard,	192
Abbie,	176	Mrs. Lucinda D.,	192
C. T.,	99	CONANT—	
Cyrus,	99	Elias,	26, 104
Deacon,	19, 21, 99	Jewett,	120
Edwin A.,	176	Josiah,	26, 63
Ephraim,	80, 82	Mrs. Josiah,	63
Martha,	176	Sarah,	63
BUTTERFIELD—		COX—Rev. Sam'l H.,	70
Sewall,	26, 67, 103	CUMMINGS—	
Miss,	107	Thomas,	26, 150, 195, 196
CHANNING—		CUTTER—	
Ruth,	79	Dr. Benoni,	63
Dr. William Ellery,	79	Mrs. Benoni,	24, 64, 79
CLOUGH—		B. G.,	25
Cyrus,	40	John H.,	64
Richard,	40	DAY—	
COBBETT—Isaac,	188	Albert,	179
COLBURN—		Charles,	178
Bradley,	161	Edward,	179
Edward,	156	Eugene E.,	180
E. J.,		Dr. P. B.,	64, 178, 179, 180
41, 138, 141, 142, 143, 206, 208		Mrs. P. B.,	177, 178
Erie,	41, 143	President,	210, 211
James,	142, 143	DOW—	
John,	161	Jeremiah,	48, 98
Lucinda,	41, 143	Sarah Eastman,	127
Lydia,	41		

	PAGE		PAGE
EASTMAN—		Sarah,	114
Abigail,	127	Samuel,	216
Alpheus,	14, 18, 89	William,	48, 50, 99, 114
Amos,	88, 89	William, Jr.,	114
Charles,	25	EVARTS—William M.,	73
Eleanor,	121	FARLEY—	
Jonathan,	121	Abel,	137
Joseph,	126	Abigail Hardy,	189
Joseph F.,	125, 126	Adolphus,	39
Porter,	121	Alfred,	137
Sophia,	126	Alonzo,	39
William Plummer,	90	Amos,	39
EATON—Clarissa Farley,	65	Mrs. Anna Merrill,	188
EMERSON—		Asa,	105, 160
Amy Fletcher,	111	“Ben,”	121
Benjamin,	24	Benjamin,	88
Charles,	114	Benjamin, Jr.,	188
Clara,	218	Capt. Benjamin,	88, 131, 137
Rev. Daniel,		Benjamin Mark,	
53, 76, 110, 111, 140, 163, 164		23, 88, 121, 122, 129	
Mrs. Daniel,	24, 25, 163, 164	Clarissa,	39
Deacon Daniel,	110, 111, 216	Daniel,	155
Daniel,	215	Enoch,	189
Edward,	116, 166	Henry,	39
Eliza,	163, 164, 166, 168	Isaac,	26, 39, 132
Mrs. Eliza Rockwell,	214	James,	198
Rev. Joseph,	24, 111, 112, 113	Jefferson,	88, 137
Prof. Joseph,	215, 218	Mrs. Jefferson,	88, 131
Porter,	216	Joanna,	132, 134
Ralph,	216, 217, 218	Leonard W.,	107, 123, 124, 137
Rev. Ralph,		Mrs. Leonard W.,	107
111, 213, 214, 215, 219		Mary,	39, 66
Ralph Wilcox,	218	Page,	26, 65, 66, 116, 162
Rockwell,	216	Perry,	137

	PAGE	HALE—	PAGE
FARLEY (continued)—		David,	130
Sarah,	39	John,	130
Sybil Holt,	105, 160	Prescott,	158
"Squire," Sr.,	56, 65, 107	Dr. Wm., 22, 23, 25, 66, 89,	158
Stephen, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136		William E.,	67
Stephen, Jr.,	132	HALL—	
Deacon Thomas,	22, 160	Edwards,	214
Thomas, Jr.,	160	Willis,	214
William,	101	HARDY—	
FLAGG—		Amos,	128, 150
Capt.,	92, 160	Clarissa,	148
Mrs.,	93	Daniel,	128
FLETCHER—		Eli,	128
Amos,	192	Dea. Enos, 21, 22, 25,	197
Mrs. Abigail T.,	192	Mrs. Enos,	197
FRENCH—		Mrs. Hannah S.,	198
Hannah,	115	James,	89
Silas,	156	Jesse,	128, 150, 160
FROTHINGHAM—		Joel,	127, 128, 129, 130
Major,	164	Mrs. Joel,	127, 160
Esther,	164	Louis,	198
GIFFIN—		Luther,	128, 198
Lida,	184	Noah,	22, 23, 25, 198
Mrs.,	184	Page,	148
GOULD—		Phineas,	128, 198
Abijah,	26	Rodney J.,	129, 130
Ambrose, 24, 50, 116, 117, 118		Sarah Tenney,	84
GRANT—		Solomon,	145, 148, 193
General,	42, 83, 159	Solomon, Jr.,	147, 148
Miss Z. P.,	112	Submit,	198
GRIDLEY—Mrs.,	183	HAVEN—	
GRINNELL—Mrs. J. B.,	178	Dr. Joseph,	218
HAGGETT—Amos,	92	Prof. Joseph,	215
		Mrs. Mary Emerson,	215, 218

	PAGE		PAGE
HAYDEN—		Mrs. Mary Tenney,	71, 84
Daniel W.,	149	Miss Mary Tenney,	73
David N.,	149	William Norris,	73
Josiah,	149	HUMPHIREY—	
Lydia,	149	Rev. S. J.,	216
Samuel,	149, 204	Mrs. Elizabeth Emerson,	216
Susan,	149	HURD—	
HILL—Rev. Mr.,	208	Mrs. Dr.,	185
HINES—		JEWETT—	
Rev. F. B.,	176	Deacon E.,	
Mrs. Laura S.,	175	21, 25, 99, 101, 114, 151	
HOLDEN—		Eliza,	109
Caroline,	42, 109	Gibson,	99, 119
Mr.,	124	Jack,	109
HOLT—		Nathaniel,	101, 160
Artemas,	104	Noah,	99
Fitfield,	104	Phebe,	76
Mr. J. B.,	194	Ralph,	109
Nathan,	100, 105	JOHNSON—	
Sybil,	105, 160	Mr.,	160
HOLYOKE—		Edward,	160
Thomas Stoddard,	44	Noah,	160
HOWARD—Mrs. Sullivan,	182	JONES—Dr.,	157-193
HUBBARD—		KEMP—Levi,	93
Benjamin Farley,	74	KENDALL—Hezekiah,	190, 191
Captain,	133	KIMBALL—	
Mrs. Captain,	133	Lucinda Tenney,	79
Frederick Augustus,	73	KIRK—Mrs. Chas. W.,	183
John Theodore,	74	KITTREDGE—	
Major Luther, 68, 69, 70, 71, 75		William,	190
Luther Prescott,		Mrs. William,	190
69, 70, 71, 84, 96, 116, 205		LAWRENCE—	
Luther Prescott, Jr.,		Daniel,	89, 90
71, 72, 73		Jonas,	93

	PAGE		PAGE
LAWRENCE (continued) —		LYON—Mary,	112
Luke,	91	MACY—	
Mark,	91	Katharine Haworth,	185
LINCOLN—Pres. Abraham,	201	MARSHALL—	
LITTLE—		Darwin,	103
Abner B.,	39, 181, 183, 185	Freeman,	103
Augustus,	39, 185	Thaddeus,	103
Caleb,	39, 183	McCLURE—Mrs. Daniel,	185
Caroline,	39, 185	McINTIRE—	
Catharine,	39, 182, 185	Frank K.,	84
Dr. Charles,	183	Mrs. Phebe Tenney,	84
Elizabeth,	39, 182	MERRILL—	
George,	181, 184	Daniel,	18, 19, 106
Henry G.,	39, 185	William,	106
John,	184	Taylor,	200
Laura Ann,	39, 185	MESSER—	
Mary,	39, 182	Benjamin,	26, 196
Nancy Tenney,	79, 181, 182	Mrs. Benjamin,	197
Ruth Channing,	39, 122, 185	B. Edmund,	49, 57, 197
Sarah Francis,	39, 186	MOOR—	
Walter A.,	186	Gardner,	193
William,	39, 183	Mrs. Gardner,	193
LOMBARD—Miss Mary,	178	John,	194
LOVEJOY—Ralph,	185	Mrs. Rebecca A.,	194
LUND—		MOORE—Rev. Humphrey,	189
Alice,	41	NEEDHAM	
Dantorth,	41	Jeremiah K.,	193
Irene,	41	Mrs. Olive Parks,	193
Martha,	41	Mrs. Whitney,	193
Noahdiah,	41	Mrs. Mary Swallow,	193
Rachel,	41	Mrs. Carlton,	193
Stephen,	41, 143	NEVIN—Ruth Channing,	185
Sophronia,	41	NOBLE—Rev. T. K.,	168
LYMAN—Henry G.,	185	OBER—Zachariah,	193

	PAGE		PAGE
ORCUTT—Rufus,	191	PROCTOR—	
PARKER—		Aaron,	40, 127, 137, 138
Isaac,	192	Cyrus,	138, 139
James,	25, 201	Indiana,	40
James, Jr.,	158, 159, 160	Ira,	40, 139
Mrs. James,	200	James,	40, 93
John,	193	John,	40
Mrs. Mary Ann Gould,	193	Luther,	40, 93
Major,	107	Maria,	40
Samuel,	158	Mary,	40
PATCH		Moses,	40, 138, 139
Joseph,	25, 118, 160, 200	Nathaniel,	40, 130, 140
Mrs. Joseph,	160, 201	Olive,	40
Richard,	200	Susan,	40
Thomas,	200	Thomas,	40, 138, 139, 140
Thomas, Jr.,	198	Mrs. Thomas,	40
PAULI—Mr.,	65	PUTNAM—	
PERKINS		Mrs. Emeline Tenney,	84
Deacon,	176	QUAID—	
George W.,	176, 177, 184	Samuel,	26, 106
Mrs. George W.,	184	Sarah Boynton,	106
Mrs. John,	43	RADOUX—Francis,	120
"Sam,"	177	READ—Winslow,	103
PERRY—Rev. David,	129, 182	REED—	
PIERCE—		Harriett,	39
Eleazer,	40	Jesse,	91
Nathaniel,	40	Uriah,	39, 40, 154
PILLSBURY—C. A.,	73	RIDEOUT, Sally,	41
POOL—		RIPLEY—Miss,	122
Benjamin,	98	ROGERS—	
John,	98	Benjamin,	192
Squire,	50, 83, 98, 107, 160	John,	143
PRICE—Mr.,	119	Mrs. Lydia S.,	192

	PAGE		PAGE
RUNNELLS		Joseph E.,	113
Mr. D. S.,	112	Luther,	113
Ebenezer,	111, 112, 113	Rev. Mr.,	195
Mrs. Sarah Farley,	189	SPAULDING—	
Sammel,	111, 112	Mrs. Abiah Bowers,	191
SARGENT—John,	193	Asaph,	191
SAUNDERSON—		Capt.,	149
George W.,	171, 175	C. S.,	187, 191
Mrs. Hannah, M.,	118, 178	SQUIRES—Mrs.,	183
Henry,	118	STEVENS—Mrs.,	39, 137
Jonathan,	117, 118, 179	STEWART—	
Laura,	175	Mrs. Sarah Frances Little,	186
William P.,	118, 175	STURTEVANT—Rev. Dr.,	179
SAWTELL—		SUMNER—Charles,	218
Captain,	141	SWEET—Mr.,	215
Eli,	143, 147	TENNEY—	
Hannah,	118	Caleb Jewett,	77, 78, 79, 99
SCRIPTURE—Dr.,	22, 23, 25	Charles F.,	86
SHELDON—		Harriet M.,	81, 84
Ebenezer,	187	Mrs. Phoebe Smith,	82, 83
Mrs. Elizabeth D.,	187	Mrs. Phoebe Jewett,	79, 83, 82
John,	187	Ralph A.,	13, 84, 85
SMALL—Mr.,	119	Ralph E.,	48, 51, 75, 76, 81,
SMITH—		82, 83, 86, 117	
Amy,	113	Mrs. Sally Cutter,	75
Mrs. Amy Emerson,	19, 95, 113	Wm.,	75, 76, 79, 81
Benjamin,	111	Mrs. Wm.,	77
Catharine,	113	Capt. Wm.,	76, 79
Christopher,	93	THAYER—	
Daniel,	191	Nathan,	29, 61, 62, 99
Rev. Eli,	13, 19, 16, 53, 92,	Sarah,	42
118, 113, 137, 143, 145, 155		THOMPSON—	
John,	113	Mrs. Adeline Emerson,	218
		THURSTON—Dea. Stephen,	15

	PAGE		PAGE
TODD—		Moses,	198
Rev. John,	56	Philip, 145, 147, 148, 149,	205
Mrs. J. F.,	184	Philip, Jr.,	147
VIETS—		Mrs. Submit Hardy,	198
Harry L.,	184	William,	104, 149
Sara E.,	185	WOODS—	
WARNER—Mrs. Wallace,	186	Deacon,	22
WASHINGTON—General,	164	James,	119
WEBSTER—Daniel,	77	John,	39
WELLS—Mrs. C. W.,	183	Nehemiah,	25, 110
WHEAT—Coolidge,	57, 197	Nehemiah Park,	119
WHEELER—		WORCESTER—	
Mrs. Catharine Little,	182, 185	David,	96
James,	155	Frederick,	42
Captain J. T.,	150, 212, 253, 254, 255	Hannah,	14, 15
Minot,	155	Jesse,	79, 82, 93, 94, 96
Thaddeus,	153	John N.,	46, 93, 95
Varnam,	212	Joseph E.,	95
WILLOUGHBY—		Judge,	97, 157
Ethan,	197	Miss L. E.,	95
Noah,	197	Mrs. Sarah Holden,	109
Oliver,	151	Mrs. Sarah Parker,	94
Oliver, Jr.,	151	T. Gilman,	95
WITHINGTON—Matthew,	91	WRIGHT—	
WOOD—		Capt. Jonathan Taylor,	14, 100, 153, 198, 199, 200
C. A.,	147, 149, 153, 154, 198, 200, 204	Gaius,	41
Lewis,	151	Gaius, Jr.,	41
Mercy,	151	Miles,	100, 160
		Winkle,	100, 153, 154
		YATES—Gov. Richard,	201

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



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